JEANNE D'ARC

JEANNE d'ARC.

JEANNE d'ARC

The Story

of

Her Life and Death

By

AGNES SADLIER

Properly speaking, there is no History, only Biography.
Emerson.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY
44 W. BALTIMORE STREET
BALTIMORE, MD.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

THE PEASANT MAID.

BOOK II.

THE WARRIOR.

BOOK III.

THE MARTYR.

To

THE MEMORY

of

MY FATHER.

Celebrated Women.

Per volume, cloth, $1.00.

JEANNE d'ARC.

WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. (In preparation.)

INTRODUCTION.

In order to understand the condition of France in the fifteenth century, when Jeanne d' Arc, the noblest figure of profane history, appeared, and how it was that so powerful and wealthy a country had sunk to the need of miraculous interposition to free her from the yoke of the invader, we must go back to the fourteenth century. In the year 1314, Philip the Fair, King of France, died, leaving three sons. None of these had sons, so that they successively occupied the throne. In 1328, the youngest was laid to rest in St. Denis, and the house of Capet, for the first time, since, from the ruins of the House of Charlemagne, it had risen to the kingship, was without any direct heir. It is true, each of these three sons of Philip had left daughters, but these did not count, because there was a law, known as the Salic law, from the Salian Franks, the most powerful of the great confederacy of tribes which had followed Clovis to the conquest of Gaul, which prohibited women from reigning.

After due consideration, the twelve peers of France conferred the crown on Philip of Valois, the nephew of Philip the Fair, and his nearest kinsman in the male line. The granddaughters of Philip the Fair yielded to their cousin, in consideration of certain concessions made to them, and a critical time

seems to have been happily passed through, when a new claimant for the French crown appeared.

This was no less a personage than the splendid young king of England, Edward the Third, who grounded his claim on his descent from his mother, Isabella of France, daughter of Philip the Fair. In vain it was represented to him that his mother could not transmit a right that she had never possessed; he retorted that she had transmitted the royal blood which gave her son a right to the crown which her sex alone forbade her to assume. It was never very difficult to tempt an English king into war with France, and the end of the argument was that Edward assumed the title of King of France, quartered the royal lilies of that country on his shield, and declared war against Philip of Valois. During that king's reign, victory rested with Edward. The glory of Crécy (1346) added its lustre to English annals, while the capture of the strong city of Calais insured the invaders a permanent advantage by giving them a point of arrival, of departure, of occupancy, of provisioning, and of refuge, in the enemy's country.

Under King John, the son and successor of Philip of Valois, French arms fared still worse, for at their terrible defeat at the battle of Poitiers, (1356) John himself was taken prisoner. Humiliating as this was to France, however, it was really a blessing in disguise, for it brought to the governing of the Kingdom, the king's eldest son, the dauphin Charles. It is true his gifts were not for war; he had been guilty of running away from the field of Poitiers, a fact

sufficient to utterly disgrace him in a time when war was the passion and habitual condition of men. But he redeemed this fault by the sagacity and prudence which he displayed in circumstances which would have been found trying by the oldest and most experienced sovereign.

France, in the fourteenth century, was far from being the compact state which we know by that name. It could hardly be called a nation at all. After the empire of Charlemagne, as fragile as it was extensive, had broken into pieces, five centuries before, the weakness of that branch of his family to whom France had fallen, and the confusion and want of union that prevailed in consequence, added to the terrible and constant invasions of the Northmen, caused large numbers of the native chiefs and warriors to build strong fortresses in the forests, on the tops of mountains, and in the crags of rocks. The less wealthy proprietors, along with the free peasantry and the serfs, were glad to seek shelter with these, and in this way feudal society sprang into existence. The kingship waned in power and influence, while the great feudal lords, its nominal vassals, became really independent sovereigns. The sentiment of nationality became almost extinct. The mental horizon of the vassals of each feudal lord narrowed to his territory; all beyond was vague and uncertain. In the tenth century, Hugh Capet, duke of Paris, revived the French kingship, founded the Capetian dynasty, and began a struggle with the feudal power, that was still in progress in the fourteenth century. It was the feudal system

which caused the terrible French defeats of Crécy and Poitiers. The French army was not really an army at all, in the sense of being a compact, organized, disciplined body, fighting for a common country against an invader; it was merely a collection of individuals, each of whom had followed his lord's banner to the field to fight in his quarrel.

In the eleventh century, the kingship had gained a new ally. During the period when royalty was but a name, and vassalage but a shadow, and the feudal lords, secure in their mountain eyries, or rock-bound fortresses, seemed in their recklessness, and cruelty, to defy all laws, human and divine, in the towns at their feet, there had been growing painfully and slowly, but surely, a power that was to break theirs; the aristocracy of commerce, destined to destroy that of birth.

Many of these towns, having become powerful and wealthy enough to resist the oppressions of their feudal lords, turned to the kingship as a counterbalancing power, and in return for charters guaranteeing their liberties, supported the king against the feudal power. The existence of these Communes was brief; the state of society was too disturbed, they too small and weak to stand alone; bargaining liberty for security, they requested the king to assume their administration. But though the Communes passed, the power of the great middle class, the burghers, or "the inhabitants of the good towns," as they were called, abided, and under the name of the Third Estate, became one of the most determining influences in French civilization.

But in the middle of the fourteenth century, this great middle class only added to the problems with which the dauphin had to deal. In France the throne rested on no other foundation than that of loyalty. It was an absolute monarchy. There were no institutions to control it or supply its place in its absence. When this absolute power was in the hands of a wise king, all went well, but when such a king as John reigned, the country suffered terribly. John was "a good and loyal knight," but much more concerned about acquitting himself well in the tournaments and jousts which were his delight, than about administering the affairs of his kingdom wisely. The result was that when he was carried off by the English, he left a distracted country, in which king, nobles, and middle class were all soon at strife. The burghers were seeking to obtain power and rights in order to guard their property; the nobles were equally resolute in opposing any government or institutions that would deprive them of a share in the revenue and wealth derived exclusively from the middle and civic classes, and which they demanded from the king in payment for their military services; while Charles, though anxious as the representative of the kingship, to protect the middle classes, whom tradition taught him to regard as its defender, and obliged to try to satisfy the nobles, was resolved not to sanction any institutions that would be at all likely to curtail the royal power.

How radical were these dissensions was shown at the opening of the dauphin's career as "lieutenant

of the king" when at the meeting of the States General convened by him "to deliberate on the state of the kingdom," the Third Estate made a series of demands, which, however great the abuses they were intended to correct, were excessive and violent, and would have impeded the regular course of government and justice. The dauphin was placed in a trying position, because his need of ready money was great, and the Third Estate, which supplied the royal revenues, made their subsidies dependent on the granting of their demands. Charles adopted a policy of delay, and in order to supply his financial needs, had recourse to a favorite expedient of French kings in such circumstances, and debased the coinage. This led to a terrible insurrection in Paris, headed by Stephen Marcel, the provost of the tradesmen, who assumed the government, stopped the issue of the debased coinage, and authorized the States General to meet when they pleased, (1356).

About the same time, the peasants in many of the northern provinces of France, maddened by the outrages and oppressions resulting from the long war with England, rose in a terrible revolt, known as the Jacquerie, from the name Jacques Bonhomme, "Jack Goodfellow," which had been given the peasant in the pleasant belief that he would bear anything. Whether or not the peasant insurrection had been instigated by Marcel it is hard to say, but it is certain that he encouraged it. It required but a short time, however, to prove the failure of the Parisian burgher's attempt to govern the country by the country itself. He and his partisans had grasped a power

which they wanted the prudence to moderate, or the skill to control, and which the absence of political ideas, hereditary rights, or old institutions gave nothing by which to hold. Seeing his power waning, Marcel attempted to give up Paris to the King of Navarre who might be called the evil genius of the dauphin's life, but was killed by some loyal citizens in the act of doing so. Paris returned to its allegiance, and threw open its gates to the dauphin who bore himself very wisely at this juncture of affairs. Only the ringleaders in Marcel's insurrection were punished; and a general amnesty was granted to all, noble or ignoble, who had been concerned in the Jacquerie. Taught by experience, Charles made no more mistakes, and soon began to bring order out of chaos.

In 1360 he succeeded in concluding with Edward III. the Treaty of Bretigny, known as "the great peace." Its terms were sufficiently humiliating to France, involving as they did, the absolute cession of a large portion of her territory, and the payment of an enormous ransom for her sovereign; but it procured her a breathing-space. John returned to France. He stayed, however, only two years and a half; then learning that his son, the Duke of Anjou, one of the hostages given to England as security for the carrying out of the treaty, had broken his parole, the pleasure-loving king, disguising under the noble sentiment "that if honor had no other asylum on earth, it should have one in the heart of kings," his preference for the gala life, filled with jousts and tournaments, which he had led in England, departed for that country, where he died the

following year, leaving France to the effective government of Charles, who had already obtained the surname of the Wise, by which he is distinguished in history (1364.)

John's stay in France, however, had been long enough for him to commit the greatest fault of his wretched reign. When, on the field of Poitiers, he had been fighting desperately against overwhelming odds, his young son Philip, only fourteen years of age, had clung obstinately to him, shouting, "Father, 'ware right; Father, 'ware left," as the danger proved greater in either direction; had been taken prisoner with him and shared his captivity. In 1362, the extinction of the first House of Burgundy caused that great and wealthy fief to revert to King John, and he, welcoming it as an opportunity to reward the devotion of his favorite child, bestowed it on Philip, thus founding the second House of Burgundy which was destined to play for more than a century, so great, often so fatal a part in the fortunes of France.

Charles now sought to repair the ravages of the long war. When the truce of Bretigny was over, with the aid of the great Breton warrior, Bertrand du Guesclin, he renewed the war with Edward. Realizing that the lack of organization had caused the French defeats of Crécy and Poitiers, he adopted the plan of avoiding any general engagement, and depending on the result of small expeditions and skirmishes. This policy of wasting and scattering the English forces was approved by Du Guesclin who carried it out so well, that at his

death in 1380, the English possessed little of importance in France beyond Calais. In gratitude for the Breton warrior's services, Charles caused him to be interred in a tomb close by the one built for himself in St. Denis. Two months after Du Guesclin's death, Charles himself passed away, at the age of forty-three, leaving, as he himself said, "the affairs of the kingdom in good case."

Then began a reign which has been called, "the grave of good morals and good laws in France." This is no exaggeration, for the sixteenth century with its religious wars; the eighteenth, with its reign of terror; or the nineteenth, with its Commune of Paris, show scarcely any events so sinister as those of which France, from 1380 to 1422, was the theatre and the victim.

As has been said, France had come to put her trust in the absolute power and will of the monarch, as the sole principle of security. But the weak point of absolute monarchy, the crevice in its armor, is the nonage or incapacity of the reigning sovereign. This evil now fell on France, for the son of Charles the Wise, who ascended the throne as Charles the Sixth, was but a boy, and a boy in whom all the reckless and chivalric qualities of the Valois were strongly marked. In his hands the royal authority became a nullity, while the princes of the blood, his unpopular and rapacious uncles, the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, Berry and Bourbon, seized France as their prey. Each of these strove to get the young king under his influence in order to further his own projects. In

order to maintain his ascendency, the Duke of Burgundy effected Charles' marriage with Isabella of Bavaria, with whose portrait the young king is said to have fallen in love. The wedding was celebrated with great splendor in the Cathedral of Amiens, in the year 1385. Then Isabella was but a frivolous girl of the exuberant type of Flemish beauty; in later years most French historians describe her as a reincarnation of Poppæa or Theodora; what is certain is that she gave an impetus to France in her course towards the abyss of ruin.

Charles Sixth was as fond of war as his grandfather had been. He gathered the materials for a great expedition to invade England, but at the last moment was frustrated in this plan by his uncles. This made him anxious to become his own master, and in a great council, which he called at Rheims, he took the government on himself, and recalled all of his father's old ministers. These being mostly men of humble birth, were called "marmousets" by the princes of the blood and their followers.

With the king's greedy uncles removed from power, and Charles anxious to repair the injustice they had caused, it seemed as if happier days were dawning for France. But at this juncture the crowning blow fell upon her in the insanity of her king (1392). This restored to the king's uncles the power which they had believed lost to them forever. The most powerful of them was Philip, Duke of Burgundy who, to the great domain of Burgundy in the heart of France which his father, King John, had given him, had joined Flanders to the North

Sea, which had come to him through his wife in 1384. Thus this nominal vassal of France was in reality one of the most powerful and opulent princes in Christendom.

On their return to power, the royal dukes gradually got rid of Charles' ministers, and appointed those of their own choosing. The war with England was disposed of by the marriage of her king, Richard Second, and Isabella the little daughter of Charles' Sixth, (1394), and for ten years the affairs of the kingdom were conducted without any great troubles, the Duke of Burgundy remaining in the ascendant, save during those brief intervals when a return of reason enabled Charles to assume the government himself.

Such was the state of affairs when a rival to Burgundy appeared in the youngest brother of the king, the Duke of Orleans, the first to bear the title since so prominent in the annals of French history. His youth had hitherto kept him in the shade of his ambitious uncles, but as he grew to manhood, his handsome person, gallant nature, and cultivated tastes, rendered him more agreeable than they to the king and court. He had obtained from the king grants of territory which made him almost the equal of Burgundy in this respect, and even sought to encroach on that duke's territory, a proceeding which excited the latter's wrath to a terrible degree. Whatever reprisal he might have meditated, however, was prevented by his death. This was a sad event for the French people, for Philip's age and the attachment to France which

leavened his selfishness, had always kept him from proceeding to extremities against his nephew. His son, John the Fearless, who succeeded him, was deterred by no such reasons, but on the contrary, stimulated by a personal jealousy of his kinsman, carried the inherited feud to a terrible ending. One dark night, after the curfew had emptied the streets of Paris, the Duke of Orleans was set upon by armed ruffians as he passed through a lonely street, and murdered (1407).

This terrible deed changed partisan strife into civil war which arrayed the north and the south of France against each other. The young Duke of Orleans was married to Bonne d'Armagnac, the little daughter of Count Bernard d'Armagnac, one of the most powerful nobles in the south of France, and a man of iron will and ruthless nature. Henceforth the adherents of Orleans were known as Armagnacs, and distinguished by the white scarf, which they wore as their badge of party. The Burgundians assumed the green hat or chaperon of the Flemings, and the St. Andrew's cross, with a fleur-de-lis in the midst, the emblem of Burgundy.

It is almost impossible to portray the misery into which France, and especially Paris, was plunged by this war. All shadow of stable government disappeared; to-day one faction, to-morrow, another, ruled. The queen cast in her lot; now with the Armagnacs, now with the Burgundians, whilst the poor mad king and his children were utterly neglected. There was no such thing as justice, for

the magistrates were appointed through bribery and corruption. The revenue of the royal domains was squandered, while the people were pillaged by the royal officers acting in the name of whichever faction happened to be in the ascendant. The peasants were at the mercy of brigands who took what the tax-gatherers left.

The murdered Duke of Orleans had made the Parisians pay such heavy taxes in order to supply his pleasures, that he had become extremely unpopular, in that city, so that from the beginning of his quarrel with Burgundy, it had espoused the cause of the latter. The better class of the inhabitants, however, shocked by the murder of Orleans which Burgundy not only boldly avowed, but justified as the removal of a tyrant, and seeing that there was little to choose between Armagnacs and Burgundians, began to assume a neutral attitude, so that both parties were compelled to turn to the lower classes for support. The Burgundians gained the alliance of the butchers, one of the most powerful and wealthiest corporations in Paris. Caboche, a skinner and tanner, was a kindred spirit of the butchers, and from him this band took its name of Cabochiens (hob-nails). They were the prototypes of the sans-terres, and sans-culottes of the French Revolution.

So engrossed was the nation in this fraternal strife, that it paid but little heed to the new danger that menaced it. Richard Second of England, the friend of France, had been deposed by the Duke of Lancaster, who ascended the throne as Henry Fourth.

Conspiracies against him were so numerous that he had no time for foreign wars. But when the frolicsome Prince Hal had become the serious and majestic Henry Fifth, he demanded from France the absolute cession of Normandy, Anjou, and Maine, and the hand of the princess Katharine, Charles Sixth's daughter, in marriage, with a dowry of two million crowns (1414).

The refusal of this monstrous demand caused Henry to invade France. Charles Sixth, who happened to be having a lucid interval at the time, hastily collected an army, in which the nobles, roused at last to a sense of their country's danger, hastened to enroll themselves. The armies met at the little village of Agincourt. The result of the battle was a splendid victory for the English; for the French a crushing defeat in which the flower of her chivalry was slain or taken prisoner (1415). Among those who shared the latter fate was the Duke of Orleans, the son-in-law of the fierce d'Armagnac. He was a graceful poet, a gift that must have proved a great solace during the long years that he was doomed to pass in captivity.

Henry Fifth maintained that France had been delivered into his hands because of the iniquities of her princes and her people. His war against her was conducted in a religious spirit, none of the excesses to which a mediæval army was prone, being permitted. Shakespeare, in his play of Henry Fifth, indicates this by representing Bardolph as hanged for stealing a pax. After the battle of Agincourt, Henry returned to England, where he was received

with the greatest enthusiasm which took the very substantial form of large subsidies to enable him to carry on the war.

Meanwhile the Burgundians and Armagnacs continued their war, heedless of France's peril, and Henry landed again in France without the slightest effort being made to prevent him, besieged, and captured, several towns in Normandy. But it was in these walled towns, filled with the descendants of men so impatient of slavery that they had made the touch of their city's soil give freedom to the serf, that the spirit dwelt which was to inspire the real resistance to the foreign conquest of France. We can picture these old high-roofed, gabled and walled cities of Northern France; now mellowed and crumbling with age, but then with many of their beautiful wooden buildings quite new; standing amid meadows and orchards, and vineyards, or upon sunny slopes, by winding rivers; inside the city, narrow winding streets with rough stone pavements, and gutters down their midst; lofty gabled houses, many of them with the solid arris, the great horizontal beams, the coping and turret, that spoke of a troubled time, and the need of a man being able to defend his house in case of an outbreak; beyond, by the river, the wharves and halles; the whole girt about by massive walls with numerous batteries, and strong fortifications. Such was Rouen, the capital of Normandy, and after Paris, the wealthiest and most populous town in France. Henry laid siege to it. It resisted long and bravely, though its appeals to the Burgundians, then in possession of the

government were unheeded, but famine at length compelled it to yield (1418). Henry spared the lives of its inhabitants on condition of their paying him 315,000 gold crowns, and leaving the city to be filled by English families.

Nothing could be crueler than this last condition of the conqueror. It would be terrible to-day, but it was much more so in the Middle Ages, when, save perhaps to make a pilgrimage, generations lived and died without passing beyond the suburbs of the city where they were born ; when every man built his house, not for himself alone, but to be handed down to his descendants, for which reason it was built with individuality, for a family with its own style of life, its own traditions, and desiring a dwelling-place in accordance with its tastes. Thus in its construction and ornamentation, it received a stamp of its own, and as time went on, and generation after generation of the same family lived and died within its walls, and it became hallowed to its possessor by the consciousness that its rooms had witnessed birth and death, had echoed the passion of great causes, and the enthusiasm of popular movements, for which perhaps his forefathers had shed their blood, the vows of love and words of tenderness, the anger, and the merry jest, the laughter, and the sobs of anguish ; all the joys and the sorrows in a word, that went to make up that family life to which strong religious faith gave dignity and earnestness ; he asked nothing better of God than to die where his father had died, and to leave the old roof-tree to his children.

A short time before Henry had laid siege to Rouen, the strife between the Burgundians and Armagnacs had culminated in the massacre of Count Armagnac and an immense number of his adherents in Paris (1418). A few days later, Queen Isabella, accompanied by the Duke of Burgundy, entered the blood-stained city, took possession of the king's person, and claimed the royal authority. Those of the Armagnacs who escaped, repaired to Poitiers, where they proclaimed the dauphin Charles, the third of the insane king's sons who had borne that title, regent, and set up a rival government.

The Burgundian faction now sought to treat with Henry Fifth. The queen, representing the king, who was still insane, accompanied by her daughter the Princess Katharine, and the Duke of Burgundy, had an interview with the English king. The negotiations thus opened progressed favorably for Henry, as far as the unscrupulous Isabella was concerned, for she cared little about the fate of her adopted country, provided her own future was secure. It was different with the Duke of Burgundy. Ruthless, sanguinary, stained with murder as he was, he was still guiltless of treason. The patriotism, which was not strong enough to keep him from rending France with civil war, proved sufficient to vanquish the temptation to betray her, and the English king, expecting his adherence, received instead the news that he had opened negotiations with the dauphin.

But it was not decreed that Burgundy the mur-

derer should live in history with the light of the patriot on his brow. The foul crime which had caused rivers of blood to flow in France and brought suffering on untold thousands, was to be requited by one still fouler. The duke, bidden to a friendly interview with the dauphin at the bridge of Montereau, was slain during it, by some of the dauphin's followers.

This mad act was the crown of France's misery. The new Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, hastened to ally himself with the English, and with Queen Isabella, concluded, in the name of the insane Charles, the Treaty of Troyes with Henry, by which the dauphin was set aside, and the English king received the hand of the Princess Katharine, and was adopted as Charles' son, given the regency of France during her king's life, and the crown at his death.

On Trinity Sunday, the twenty-first of May, 1420, Henry and Katharine were married at Troyes. Even his bride did not keep the royal warrior more than a single day from his work of conquest. But he found that the dauphin did not mean to yield easily. Outcast as his mother's solemn renunciation of him had made him; crippled in resources, and with the sympathy of France alienated by the crime which, rightly or wrongfully, he was held accountable for, he still struggled to hold his own. Victory, however, continued to favor Henry, and when, in the spring of 1422, he went with his queen to keep the festival of Whitsuntide in Paris, he was the master of almost the whole of northern France.

He entered the capital with great pomp, but failed to arouse any enthusiasm. The Parisians loved their afflicted king; and they remained angry and silent at seeing him only a cipher in the sum of the conqueror's grandeur.

The end was drawing near, however, for two of the actors in the tragic drama. The English king was in the stern, secret grasp of a foe that knows not defeat, and two months later he died at Vincennes. A few weeks later, death ended the long and unhappy reign of Charles Sixth. The dauphin at once assumed the title of Charles Seventh, and as Rheims, the city in which every French king had been crowned since the foundation of the monarchy, was in the hands of the English, he was anointed and crowned at Poitiers.

On the other hand, the English at once proclaimed Henry Sixth, the infant son of the deceased Henry, under the regency of his uncle the Duke of Bedford.

This Duke was as great a general as Henry Fifth had been, and for some years the war went on, characterized by terrible cruelty on both sides. France, exhausted of blood and of treasure, could put no armies in the field: but maintained fortress after fortress with matchless spirit and endurance. But the consequence of this was that the war sank into mere massacre and brigandage. The soldiers traversed the country, ravaging the farms, sacking the towns and villages, and carrying off captives, for whom their kindred were obliged to pay ransom. The north of France became almost a desert,

for the husbandmen fled for refuge to the walled towns, until these, in fear of famine, shut their gates against them. Then, in their despair, they took to the woods, and became brigands in their turn. The land, thus deprived of the peaceful and fructifying labor of its sons, was barren in the time of harvest, so that famine soon aided disease within the cities. In Paris, alone, more than a hundred thousand people perished.

The real obstacles to the conquest of France by the English were the smallness of the army which they were able to bring into the field, and which enabled them to leave only very small garrisons in the conquered towns, and that pride in their race, their country, and their language, which inspired all classes with a horror of passing under the kingship of the foreigner. A common danger had created the sentiment of French nationality. As yet it was but a feeble spark, but she already walked the earth whose love for France was to fan it into the clear, vivid flame that has burned steadily through the centuries.

At length, in 1428, the English decided to advance to the Loire, that great river which crosses France from east to west, about its centre, and invest Orleans, on its northern bank, the most important city of France, after Paris and Rouen. Both parties realized that its capture would decide the fate of the French monarchy, and nerved themselves for a supreme struggle, while all France looked on with breathless interest.

After having obtained considerable reinforce-

ments, the English began in October, 1428, the siege of Orleans. The approaches to the city were as closely occupied as the strength of the besieging army permitted and bastiles, strongly connected with one another, were constructed around it.

In the meantime, the most valiant captains of France, Dunois, La Hire, Xaintrailles, and the Marshal La Fayette, threw themselves into Orleans, whose garrison amounted to scarcely twelve hundred men. But several towns sent thither munitions and militia; the States-General met at Chinon and voted an extraordinary aid; and Charles Seventh sent thither all the soldiers he could muster. The first passage at arms was unfortunate for the French. The Count of Clermont, in command of a French force which he had raised at Blois, hearing that Bedford was sending a convoy of provisions to Orleans, determined to intercept it. He came upon the English at Rouvray, but Sir John Falstolfe, who was in command, turned the "battle of the herrings," as it was called from the chief article of food in the convoy, into a complete defeat for the French (Oct., 1428).

This disaster seemed to presage the fall of Orleans, and with it the ruin of the French monarchy. Many of Charles' supporters quietly withdrew from his court; he himself wept helplessly when he heard the news, and began to meditate flight to Spain or Scotland. The struggle that had been maintained so bravely for nearly a century seemed of no avail, France seemed doomed to pass under the power of England.

But during all this terrible time, when peace and good will never seemed more absent from men, there had been going on that life that eludes history; the life of patient men and women steadfastly keeping His law; His witnesses, whom no time has ever been without, whose dreams were of mercy and of justice, and who prayed unceasingly that His Kingdom might come. And if He waited to answer these until the despair in France had deepened to utter darkness, it was only that this might throw more strongly into relief the radiant figure of its deliverer.

BOOK I.

THE PEASANT MAID.

Tu ne comprends donc pas qui cet être qui plane,
Ce bras levé, ces yeux ravis,
C'est elle, c'est la sainte et grande Paysanne,
Ta Paysanne, ô mon pays !

The Peasant Maid.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD OF JEANNE d'ARC.

"The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor if need be, in the tumult, or on the scaffold."

NORTH of the great river Loire, at the time of the English siege of Orleans, only two places still remained faithful to Charles Seventh. In the west, the great monastery-fortress and cathedral, combined, of St. Michael, surmounting the great rock which springs from the sea on the Norman coast, where it juts out toward England, still bore the lilies of France above its battlements. In the far east, on the river Meuse, just north of the territory of the traitorous Duke of Burgundy, they still waved over the castle of Vaucouleurs, thanks to the loyal bravery of its commander, Captain Robert de Baudricourt.

A few miles south of Vaucouleurs, on the last gentle slopes of the Vosges Mountains, as they descend into the marshes of Lorraine and Champagne, lies the little village of Domremy, where Jeanne d'Arc was born on the feast of the Epiphany, 1412. The village is almost the same to-day,

as when Jeanne looked on it with earthly eyes; a poor cluster of mortar houses surrounded by vineyards and farm lands, and rich grass-meadows, on the banks of the bright Meuse water. Two great broad yellow roads, bordered with stiff poplar trees, run through it; one the great high-road between France and Germany, the other leading along the borders of the Meuse, away through the Netherlands to the North Sea.

In the centre of the village where these roads intersect, stands the church, a broad, low building with a small, heavy tower, surmounted by a stone cross. Close to it stands a cottage with the sloping one-sided roof characteristic of French farmhouses. This was the home of Jeanne d'Arc. The family consisted of Jacques d'Arc, his wife Isabel Romée, a surname that would seem to imply that she had made a pilgrimage to Rome; three sons, Jacques, Jean, and Pierre, and two daughters, Jeanne and Catherine.

As Jacques d'Arc was a yeoman and a local magistrate, and the family of as much importance probably as any in the place, his house was no doubt better than most of the dwellings in the village. Yet it consisted of only a kitchen or general living room, a couple of bedrooms, and a spacious garret. Its furnishings were good, and no doubt of that mediæval grace and beauty that have so great a charm for modern eyes; but so few, as to give the rooms almost a look of bareness. Yet the great fire-place, stretching half-way across one side of the kitchen, shows what a generous fire used to

blaze there, in whose steady glow, or play of light and shadow, the living room must have looked cheerful and homelike enough, as the simple family life went on within it. We can imagine Jeanne as a child, in her coarse woolen frock, and little sabots, helping her mother, in the labors of the household; perhaps watching the pot-au-feu as it hung from the great black crane over the fire's leaping flame; rocking her little sister to sleep in its warmth, or, her tasks finished, resting beside it, seeing, perhaps, her first visions in its glowing depths; then as a maiden, with her fair face framed in the village coif, sewing or spinning by its light, or gathered with the rest of the family about it, on some winter's night, while the storm raged without, listening to the story of English cruelty, or black Burgundian atrocities, told by some poor wounded soldier trudging painfully homeward, to whom Jacques d'Arc had given shelter for the night.

Once, at least, the d'Arcs with the rest of the dwellers of Domremy, were driven from their peaceful home by a force of Burgundian cavalry and obliged to seek refuge at Neufchateau for a fortnight. But lying as it did almost on the Border, the village seems to have escaped almost all the miseries of the war, though its situation on the high-road kept it well informed as to the state of affairs in the country.

Jeanne is often called the shepherdess of Domremy, and some authors assert that she shared the labors of her father and brothers on the farm. She, herself, contradicted this in the interrogatory at her

trial, when she declared that she never went to the field, to guard the sheep or other beasts, after she had grown up. She could not remember whether she had kept them in her childhood or not.

As her husband had three stalwart sons to assist him, it might indeed only be expected that Dame Isabel would keep her daughters indoors, to share in her labors of housewifery. When these were finished the spinning-wheels were brought out, or needle-work. The latter was in those days a most exquisite art. It may have been taught to the women of Domremy centuries before Jeanne's time, when the village belonged, as its name implies, to the great abbey of Saint Remy, in order that they might ornament the church vestments, and handed down from one generation to another, long after the village had ceased to be part of the church lands. Or it may be, Dame Isabel had been brought up in some convent, and trained to that deftness with the needle which formed so important a part of a young girl's education, whether of high or low degree, in the fifteenth century. Whoever taught her, Dame Isabel must have been a past mistress of the art, for at her trial, Jeanne declared that there was no woman in Rouen that could teach her anything about sewing. Strange enough it must have sounded to her judges to hear the Warrior-Maid, who had shown such natural genius for war, declare her proficiency in this most womanly of arts. Perhaps in the Cathedral at Rheims, or in some neighboring church, there may still be a maniple, or a stole whose rich faded embroidery is the work of Jeanne d'Arc.

The principles of religion and the severest morality ruled the family life. Jacques d'Arc seems to have been a stern man, hiding, as men of his type often do, under a cold exterior, a deep and tender love for his wife and children, but preferring to see them dead rather than guilty of anything that would have tarnished the spotless family name. The mother, while as fervent a Christian, was of a gentler temperament. She gave the children all the education they ever received. As Jeanne said later they did not know A from B; a fact not at all surprising in a family of their social level, in the fifteenth century. What they learned from their mother was the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Credo, and the great dogmas of faith, told in Isabel's simple language, as she had learned them from the nuns perhaps, in some quiet sheltered convent in her youth.

After these had been learned by her children, the mother no doubt added tales from Scripture, or stories and legends of the saints, so alluring to generous souls, with their self-sacrifice, their glory of giving all to God and asking nothing in return. Little did the mother dream, as she spoke with simple eloquence of holy things, that the maiden beside her, eagerly drinking in her words, was to gain the laurel of fame, and the palm of the martyr, with the sword of the warrior; that her name was to descend through the ages as the symbol of the purest patriotism, and that the humble home whose walls echoed her words, was to become the "santa casa" of France. The soul of Jeanne opened to the in-

fluences of religion as the grass of the field to the dew of heaven, and strong, simple virtues sprang from the virgin soil of her soul, as naturally as the beautiful flowers from the fertile valley of her beloved Meuse.

From her earliest years she was distinguished by great piety. No matter who else failed to appear at Mass in the cold winter mornings, the priest was sure to see little Jeanne. She partook of the Sacrament every month; later on, every week; and when she was with the army, she went to confession twice a week. The little garden of her father's house touched the cemetery of the church, and Jeanne took advantage of its nearness to often go and prostrate herself before the life-sized figures of Our Lord on the Cross, and the Blessed Virgin.

Such was the humble but poetic environment in which this predestined soul was placed; in a little hamlet in a deep pastoral solitude; in a laborer's cottage, in which life was lived with all the strong faith and stern piety of the Middle Ages.

But all Jeanne's time was not so seriously spent. Just beyond the cottage began the forest of the Vosges mountains, the oak-wood, whose every dell and fountain, poetry had peopled with fairies. It served as a delightful playground for all the children of Domremy, and no one seems to have delighted in it more than Jeanne, of whom it is said that the birds and beasts came lovingly to her at her call. But her favorite spot was to the north of Domremy, where, on the side of a hill gently sloping towards the Meuse, was the chapel of a hermitage conse-

crated to Our Lady. Here the women and young girls of Domremy went to burn candles for their intentions, but Jeanne loved to bring hither the garlands which she and the other children wove in the oak-wood, to adorn the shrine. Especially in May-time she loved to lead the children there to sing hymns in honor of Our Lady. On Sundays, too, between the services, it was her custom to carry garlands and bouquets to this shrine. She is said to have loved the sound of the church bells, and when the ringer was remiss in his duty, used to bribe him to its better performance, by the gift of lunes,—a sort of little cakes.

Thus in the discharge of homely, humble duties, and the enjoyment of simple, innocent pleasures, did Jeanne prepare her mind and body for her great mission ; while people saw in her only a simple, gentle girl, who blushed when teased about being too devout, and was very charitable to the poor, and especially to the wounded. On one occasion, she gave up her bed to some wounded fugitives, and went to sleep in the barn, and during the examination into her life, instituted by the Holy See years after her death, many from her native village, who had known it, bore testimony to the gentleness and efficacy of her nursing.

We do not know what first led Jeanne's thoughts to dwell on the unhappy state of France. It may have been the direct inspiration of God who led this little servant of His, all through her short life, in so unusual a way ; it may have been that the strip of frontier province in which Domremy lay, being di-

rectly subject to the king, the sentiment of patriotism was ardent in it, it may have been that her mother, reared in some convent loyal to the fallen royal house of France, kindled by her teachings the flame of patriotism in her daughter's soul; but we learn, from her own lips, that at an early age, her heart was already filled with a "passion of pity for fair France." A passion of pity! This was the beginning of her great work; for Jeanne's pity was not destined, as pity so often is in women's hearts, to remain dumb and powerless, but was to be transmuted into deeds so great as to render her who achieved them an enigma to historians, a wonder to the nations, and a glory to the Church of God.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOICES.

"Yes, my voices were of God!"

ONE June afternoon, when Jeanne was about thirteen years of age, she was in the garden back of the cottage. She says that she was at work, so it may be that she had taken her spinning-wheel, or her sewing, out of the dark, close house into the open air. It must have been a pleasant place, this old garden on the edge of the forest, with its trees and flowers, and its view of the still bright Meuse winding slowly through the grass-meadows, where no doubt most of the villagers were then at work; the men mowing, and the women and children turning the hay. The sound of their voices and their merry laughter may have reached Jeanne faintly as she sat at her work, in the quiet in which she loved to steep her soul, but it had no power to distract her mind from the thought that now almost continually occupied it—the state of beautiful, unhappy France, ground under the iron heel of the fierce invader, betrayed and dishonored by her own princes, with her king uncrowned, and deprived of his inheritance. Was it to be always thus? Would God never hear the prayers that rose from thousands of devout hearts each day; never raise France from where she lay

prostrate, and wipe away the tears of anguish that had flowed so long from the eyes of her people?

Suddenly, as the little maid sat thus musing, a dazzling light shone between the spot where she was and the church, and a Voice said: "Jeanne, be a good and prudent child; go often to church." And then the light faded, leaving Jeanne motionless with fear, as the children of men have ever been at celestial visitations. The counsel itself was nothing new or disturbing; it was what she had often heard from her parents and the village curé. But the light, the voice from another world! What ecstasies of terror and of delight must have swept by turns over her soul, as she meditated on the wondrous scene! What a secret lay in that childish heart, as she went within the house to perform her usual household tasks! The Jeanne who had left the house to go into the garden was separated by an immeasurable distance from the Jeanne who entered it again. For the wonderful thing which had happened to the men and women of Holy Writ, and to the saints of whom her mother had so often told her, had happened to her, too, little Jeanne,— a Voice from Heaven had spoken to her.

As the days went on, and the vividness of the first strong impression wore away, she may have begun to question whether she had really heard the Voice, but if so, her doubts were soon set at rest. Soon the heavenly light shone again; this time a group of angelic figures stood, half hidden, half revealed, amid its splendor. One, of wise and noble aspect, with wings, she came later to know as the

great St. Michael, Archangel of battles. He it was who spoke, saying: "Jeanne, go to the succor of the King of France, and render to him his kingdom." Thus was her great mission opened to her, and how terrible it must have seemed to the little peasant maid! Out of her very terror she gathered strength to answer—to make the first childish objection that rose in her frightened little soul. "Messieur, I am only a poor girl; I do not know how to ride horseback, or lead armies." The Voice answered, "Go, find M. de Baudricourt, captain of Vaucouleurs; he will lead you to the king. St. Catharine and St. Margaret will assist you." Then the vision faded, leaving Jeanne weeping, as if she discerned the greatness and awfulness of her destiny.

And now the visions appeared to her often; in the fields; in the house, by the church, in the garden, and most frequently, in the oak-wood to whose dim recesses she loved to retire to pray. There St. Michael appeared to her again, and again, telling her of his pity for France, and bidding her be of good courage. Other saints came, too, in the gentle forms of women, wearing rich crowns, and speaking to her in voices so sweet and tender as to make her weep. They told her they were St. Catharine and St. Margaret. These two virgin martyrs became her habitual counsellors, strengthening and consoling the little martyr that was to be.

The little maid wept when her celestial visitants departed. "I longed," she said, "for the angels and saints to carry me with them," little dreaming that it was only to be after bitter pain and humilia-

tion, and by the fierce way of the flames, that she was to join the celestial throng in the happiness of the Beatific Vision.

By degrees Jeanne's mission was fully communicated to her. Meantime, she was growing into a slim, but strong and well-formed girl, whose habitual intercourse with angels and saints must have given her face a singularly refined and exalted expression. This was the only sign, however, by which her great secret might have been suspected, and it was not one easily read by those about Jeanne. She showed no laxness in the performance of her household duties, her hands were as ready as ever in the service of the sick or helpless. The only change noticed in her was that she no longer seemed to care for games or dances. She would take part in them to please her companions, but as soon as she could, she would withdraw, and steal away to taste in secret of that meat for which her soul hungered.

Great indeed must have been her need of strength from on high, for a terrible struggle was going on within her soul! She, the timid girl whom a word disconcerted, was bidden by Heaven to go and live among soldiers; bidden to say farewell to that quiet corner of the earth in which her life had been spent; and to which all the hopes and aspirations of her heart had hitherto been confined; to the church, and to the little garden in its shadow, where the birds came to her in the peace of God, as they came of old to the Fathers in the desert, to eat crumbs out of her hand.

Two years after Jeanne had first heard her Voices,

her father had a dream, in which he saw her go forth from his house with soldiers. It may have been that when he was relating this terrible vision to his family, Jeanne showed some confusion at hearing him speak of her secret design; at all events, he seems to have grown watchful and suspicious of her; and knowing the brutality and license of a mediæval camp, one day said to his sons, that if he thought Jeanne really intended to go with soldiers, he would order them to drown her, and if they refused to do it, he would do it himself.

Whether it was the mother's expedient for smoothing matters or not, there seems to have been an attempt made at this juncture of affairs, to marry Jeanne. It was no doubt easy to find suitors for her hand; many a young peasant would have been glad to bring home to his hearth, one who, to her noted capabilities as a housewife, added the charms of a grave, modest beauty, a sweet disposition, and helpful, sympathetic ways. As for her piety, that would be no drawback, for whatever a man may think of that virtue for himself, he seldom objects to it in a wife.

One of these suitors, having vainly tried every other means, went so far as to assert that Jeanne had promised to be his wife, and cited her before the ecclesiastical judge of Toul. Knowing her reserve and timidity, every one believed that she would sooner marry than defend herself. The event proved how mistaken they were; Jeanne went to Toul, appeared before the judge, and confounded her adversary.

While Jeanne was thus struggling with earthly obstacles, her Voices had never ceased their communications: but now their sole burden was "Daughter of God, go forth." Gradually all her natural repugnance, all her terror, vanished, and her soul was set to one great issue: the performance of the Divine Will.

The hour had come, the way was now to open for her. Her uncle, Durand Laxart, whose special favorite she was, asked her parents to let her come and nurse his wife who was ill. They gave their permission; the mother no doubt thinking it would be well for several reasons, for Jeanne to leave home for a little while, and the father, willing to oblige his brother-in-law, and believing that Jeanne would be as safe with him as under his own eye. As for Jeanne, her heart must have beaten fast, when she heard that she was to accompany her uncle, for he dwelt at Bury-le-Petit, near Vaucouleurs, whither the Voices had directed her to go first.

On the way, she opened her heart to him, and told him all the wonderful story of her Voices. We can easily imagine the peasant's stupefaction. Had he never heard, asked Jeanne, that France, betrayed by a woman, should be redeemed by a woman? Yes, Durand had heard that prophecy. Then, the first shock over, and the honest man given time by Jeanne to turn the matter over in his mind, he may have come to the conclusion, that since there was a prophecy, some one must accomplish it—and that there was no one in France more worthy to be chosen by Heaven to do so, than the girl walking by his

side. The matter ended by Jeanne making him promise to go to Vaucouleurs and ask the aid of Captain de Baudricourt.

A few days later, according to his promise, Uncle Durand took his way to Vaucouleurs, and told the story to de Baudricourt. The simple peasant met with a brusque reception from the bluff soldier who laughed loudly and heartily at his nonsense, and flatly refused to have anything to do with Jeanne, save to "box her ears," and send her home to her father.

Terribly crestfallen, Laxart left the captain's presence, and returned home, sadly thinking on the way, what a blow it would be to Jeanne to find the only door of hope thus shut so rudely in her face.

But Jeanne received the news of his rebuff very quietly. On Ascension Day, 1428, she succeeded in having an interview with de Baudricourt herself. When she appeared before him, in her coarse red peasant dress and village coif, her spiritual beauty, and noble, dignified manner, seem to have impressed him in spite of himself; for we hear no mention of the threatened chastisement, but find him instead listening respectfully as she told him that "she came to him on the part of her Lord, that he should send to the dauphin, to tell him to hold out, and not give up the battle to his enemies, for the Lord would send him succor before Mid-Lent. The kingdom did not belong to the dauphin, but to the Lord, who willed that the dauphin have it in command." She added that in spite of his enemies, she would lead the dauphin to be crowned.

"And who is thy Lord?" asked de Baudricourt when she had finished.

"God," answered Jeanne.

This interview seems to have had no immediate effect. Jeanne returned to her uncle's house, and thence home. But in a few months the city of Orleans was invested by the English, and as the news spread throughout France, all realized that the question whether they would or would not be be subjects of the King of England was about to be decided. The Voices bade Jeanne go and raise the siege of Orleans; and Jeanne prepared to obey. Bravely stifling the pain she felt on leaving her parents' roof without their permission, she comforted herself by the assurance that when they understood, they would forgive her. Nor was she mistaken; when her wonderful triumph made all believe in her heavenly call, they fully and freely forgave her, recognizing that she had disobeyed them only to obey God. She took one of her friends, Mengette, into her confidence, and prayed with her, recommending her to God, before bidding her farewell; but from her still dearer friend, Haumette, she concealed her design, fearing, as she afterwards explained, that she would be unable to withstand the entreaties of the latter not to go. And then about four years after she had first heard the Voices, Jeanne quitted her father's house, which she was destined never to behold again, and set out with her uncle for Vaucouleurs.

CHAPTER III.

JEANNE ENTERS UPON HER MISSION.

He to the nations hath ordained me
And unto whom He sends me I must go
And that which He commands me I must speak,
And that which He shall will, I must perform,
Most fearless in the fulness of my faith,
Because the Lord hath sent me.

On arriving in the city of Vaucouleurs, Jeanne went to lodge in the house of a wheelwright who was a cousin of her mother. When or how de Baudricourt learned that she had returned, we do not know, for the details of events in this part of her career seem to have been very much confused in the minds of the witnesses at her Rehabilitation. She seems, however, to have been a source of great perplexity to that stout soldier, for he next appears in the story seeking counsel of the parish priest, as how to deal with this strange peasant maid with her story of being sent by God. The priest and he paid Jeanne a joint visit, during which the priest exorcised her. He told de Baudricourt that he saw nothing to indicate the presence of the powers of evil, but declined to give any opinion in regard to her mission. Meanwhile her presence and purpose in the city became noised about, and began to excite enthusiasm which her hosts, Catharine Leroyer

and her husband, fanned by their continual praises of her sweetness, her wisdom, and her piety. Crowds gathered at the door to see her going in or coming out of the house; many came from long distances to see and speak with her; the prophecy of a virgin coming forth from Lorraine to save France was remembered; and if the Seigneur du Baudricourt, in his castle on the hill, still entertained doubts, there were none in the hearts of the people.

"Is it not betraying France and the dauphin," they cried, "to neglect such a means of a succor?"

Among those who went to see the strange peasant maid, was a gentleman of Lorraine, named Jean de Metz. It would seem from the way he addressed her, as if curiosity and a desire for amusement had led to his visit, though it is probable that these only veiled a determination to grasp at any expedient that would seem to afford help to a losing cause.

"Well, my good girl," he said, "what are you doing here? Do you mean to say that the king is not to be driven out of his kingdom, and that we are not all to become English?"

"I am come," Jeanne answered, "to speak to Robert de Baudricourt, to have him conduct me to the king. But he will have naught of me or my words. Nevertheless, before Mid-Lent, I must be with the king, even if I have to wear my feet to the knees to reach him. I would rather stay and spin by my mother's side," she continued, sadly, "for this is not my state; but it is necessary that

I do my work, because my Lord wills it. Neither princes, nor captains, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland,* nor any other person can save the Kingdom of France; there is no succor save in me."

Jean de Metz was deeply impressed; so much so, that he placed his hands in hers after the old feudal fashion, and swore on his honor as a gentleman, that he would conduct her to the king. Before taking his leave, he asked when she wished to set out? Jeanne answered: "Better to-day than to-morrow; better to-morrow than the day after." But in order to depart, it was necessary to get the consent of de Baudricourt to their doing so, and this was not easy to obtain. And time passed, while Jeanne was consumed with impatience.

Her fame had spread by this time throughout the province of Lorraine, at least, for at this juncture, a messenger arrived from its Duke, who lay ill at his castle at Nancy, asking Jeanne to go to him. As he was the son of Yolande of Aragon, and therefore the brother-in-law of the King of France, Jeanne may have thought it wise to go, though she must have sorely grudged the time. She therefore set off with the safe-conduct which the duke had provided. She and her uncle were attended as far as Toul by de Metz; they went the rest of the way alone. When she presented herself before the duke, he consulted her in regard to his malady. Jeanne told him she knew nothing about it, but

* Jeanne alludes here to the betrothal of the little son of Charles VII. to the princess Margaret of Scotland.

would pray for his cure; and begged him to merit that favor by making his peace with God, and being reconciled to his wife from whom he was separated. She then told him of her mission, and requested him to send his son, with a guard of soldiers, to escort her to the king. The haughty nobleman, disappointed, and probably not overpleased, at Jeanne's plain speaking, would not grant this request. Nevertheless, he seems to have dismissed her with much respect, and a gift of some gold crowns. Jeanne profited by her presence at Nancy, to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Nicholas. She returned to Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday of Lent, which fell that year on the thirteenth of February, to find that her short absence seemed only to have increased popular enthusiasm in regard to her.

Whether the current of popular feeling, and the urgings of Jean de Metz, and of Bertrand de Poulengy, two gentlemen of de Baudricourt's suite, who were firm believers in Jeanne, would of themselves have ever prevailed over the Seigneur's doubts, will never be known, for he soon received a proof of her power which seems to have satisfied him. A short time after her return, some say the very day, on which the disastrous battle of the Herrings took place, Jeanne had an interview with de Baudricourt during which she told him of the fresh reverse to French arms. When, in due time, a king's messenger confirmed the sad story, de Baudricourt hesitated no longer, and began preparations for her departure.

The *élan* of enthusiasm which his decision created in the town below took the substantial form of a magnificent charger, a coat of mail, and a lance for its idol. In the midst of the excitement Jeanne's brother Pierre came to join her.

The reverse of the brilliant scene at Vaucouleurs where all was joy, and excitement, and expectation, was the home at Domremy, silent and more sorrowful than if Jeanne had been borne out of it to her place in the little graveyard close by, that she had loved so well. There is no one prouder of the respectability of his name than the French peasant, and to know that people were talking of him, and pitying him for that which had come upon his house, must have made life very bitter to Jacques d'Arc. He seems to have judged his daughter harshly in his anger and to have permitted no communication with her while she was at Vaucouleurs, but Isabel, who knew her daughter as only a woman can know another woman, never doubted that, whether called by Heaven, or led by delusion, Jeanne's motives were as pure and holy as earth ever knew.

Whether, at the last, when the great news reached Domremy that Jeanne was really going to be taken to the king, Jacques d'Arc sternly ordered his son to go and give the protection of his presence to the misguided girl; or whether Isabel secretly urged him to join Jeanne so that her darling might have some one of her kindred with her in the great world which she was about to enter, we can not know. What is certain is that Pierre joined her and was equipped to ride as one of her escort. The other

members of it were: Jean de Metz, and Bertrand de Poulengy, with their two servants, Julien, and Jean de Hennecourt; Jean de Vienne, the herald of the king, who had brought the news of the "Herring" defeat, and the archer Richard, probably his attendant.

At length on the twenty-third of February, all was ready for departure. One of Jeanne's last acts, before leaving the home of her kind hosts, the Leroyers, was to dictate a letter to her parents, begging their forgiveness for disobeying them, which she only did, she declared, in order to obey God.

Then, clad in her page's dress, with its breast-plate and light armor, and with her hair cut round like a man's, Jeanne passed through the eager throng, gathered about the door, mounted her horse which the gentlemen who were to accompany her had taught her how to ride, and rode towards the castle where her escort was waiting. The two gentlemen placed themselves at the head; the Maid in the midst, with the attendants behind her. De Baudricourt presented Jeanne with a sword; and made her companions swear to protect her with their lives, and to conduct her safely to the king. "Away then, Jeanne, let come what may," he concluded. The little cavalcade, thus dismissed, began to move, amid the cheers and joyful shouts of the people. Tradition still points out, amid the ruins of the Castle of Vaucouleurs, the old gate called the Porte de France, through which the little band passed on that great journey to Chinon.

Then, amid tears and benedictions, and heart-felt wishes that God might speed and prosper her, Jeanne rode away, leaving to Vaucouleurs only the memory of the Maid it had loved so well.

CHAPTER IV.

JEANNE MEETS THE KING.

En Dieu Je me fie,
Il ne peut que me mener bien ;
Aussi Je n'apprehende rien.

THE castle of Chinon, where the ruined and desperate king, with the remnant of a court about him, waited for the fall of Orleans as the signal for flight, is in Touraine. In order to reach it, Jeanne had to cross from the east to the west of France, a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues.

During the first day's journey the little troop followed a route which is still shown as the way of La Pucelle, and halted for the night at the great Abbey of St. Urban, in Champagne. The next day, after hearing Mass, they resumed their journey, and soon entered the great level heart of France, and found themselves in a region entirely in the power of the English or the Burgundians. Nor was this the only danger they had to guard against; it was the month of February, when the spring floods had swept away many of the bridges, and submerged roads, so that they had to cross many raging floods in boats. Their only resting-place was the ground in the forest, where they lay down in their armor. Amid these terrible hardships, and

continual fears, worn with fatigue, suffering from the reaction that inevitably follows enthusiasm, and fearful of their reception at court, it is not to be wondered at that the two cavaliers often questioned the wisdom of their undertaking. But no difficulty or danger had power to disturb Jeanne's heroic serenity, or move her from her purpose. "Be not afraid," she would say to her companions when they betrayed alarm: "my brothers in Paradise have told me what to do; it is they that are conducting us. It is for this I was born."

She felt only one privation; that of not being able to hear Mass every day. In compensation for this the Voices spoke to her more frequently than ever, and she passed most of the pauses for rest and refreshment in prayer. She also found great delight in giving alms to the poor people on the way; the generous Sieur de Metz having placed his purse at her disposal for this purpose.

Traveling mostly by night, and by the most unfrequented routes, the little troop finally reached the Loire; crossing the great river, they landed in the little city of Gien, and found themselves in a region still faithful to Charles Seventh. The Maid's arrival in this loyal little town was hailed with enthusiasm, and a messenger was despatched to Orleans, to inform the inhabitants that a virgin from Lorraine was on the way to deliver them. From Gien, Jeanne proceeded to the village of St. Catharine de Fierbois, in Touraine, not far from Chinon. Here Jeanne heard three masses in succession, in honor of St. Catharine, the patron saint of the

church, and one of her angelic counsellors. She then dictated a letter to the king, asking for an interview with him, and without waiting for a reply, advanced from Fierbois to Chinon, which she entered at midnight, with her escort, eleven days after leaving Vaucouleurs.

In the soft climate of Touraine, the garden of France; in the valley of the Loire, between Tours and Saumur, with the sparkling little Vienne at its feet, stands the great mediæval fortress of Chinon. It is now forsaken, and crumbling inch by inch, but when Jeanne gazed up at it from the little town below, the lilies of France were waving over its great feudal towers, and its huge enclosure, vast as a city, was the scene of busy life, for it was the home of the wandering king and his court.

It was a court in which luxury and poverty, piety and frivolity, gaiety and despair, were strangely mingled. Two queens, Mary of Anjou, Charles Seventh's unhappy wife, and Yolande of Aragon, her mother, kept state there, and the corridors and apartments were brightened by the presence of their ladies of honor, as well as by that of the nobles and courtiers and pages who still clung to the fallen fortunes of their legitimate sovereign. Here were no sights or sounds of war; the magnificent apartments echoed only the sound of the lute and madrigal, the merry jest and light laughter, and witnessed, nightly, splendid revels. "Truly," a wise man said of him, "no one loses a kingdom more gaily than Charles Seventh."

The story of the inspired peasant maid had long

since reached the court and roused conflicting opinions. Yolande of Aragon and her daughter, both good and devout women, were firm believers in Jeanne's inspiration, and pleased that the Heavenly assistance should come through a woman. Charles' wisest counsellors, on the other hand, advised him to pay no heed to one who, if not an envoy of the prince of darkness, was probably the victim of her own delusion. The chief of these ministers was la Tremouille, Jeanne's greatest enemy throughout her brief career; whose great object was to win back to France the Duke of Burgundy by diplomatic means, and who seems, in consequence, to have steadily discouraged all fighting.

Charles himself was an indolent, timid, easily discouraged prince, who was at this time, no doubt, bitterly rueing the fact that he had commanded, or at least approved of, the murder of the Duke of Burgundy which, from the very threshold of peace, had hurled the country back into all the horrors of the civil war that was France's real misery. To add to this, he was tortured by a secret doubt as to whether he really was the heir to the throne; a doubt that was very reasonable with such a woman as Isabel of Bavaria for a mother; who had crowned her infamous career by betraying France and her own son in the Treaty of Troyes. Was it possible, he must often have asked himself in the bitterness of his heart, that Isabel could have thus cast him aside, unless she had known that she was not really taking from him his own?

He seems from the first to have been inclined

towards receiving Jeanne. She could not deceive him; he had a supreme test that would decide her character. If she solved the awful doubt that gnawed at his heart, but which he had never breathed to any human being, he would acknowledge her as the envoy of Heaven. He signified to the Count de Vendôme that he would receive the Maid.

The great audience hall is now in ruins, but on the evening of the ninth of March, 1429, which was Mi-Carême, it was in the full glory of its mediæval magnificence, lit by fifty torches, and filled with more than three hundred splendidly attired courtiers, and ladies of honor, in attendance upon the king and the two queens. To the light and sceptical court, the coming of the inspired peasant Maid was a delightful novelty, especially in these days when so many unpleasant things were happening. The hopes of the queens beat high; they had advocated Jeanne's cause from the first, and expected much from her reception. As for the king, those present were far from suspecting with what feelings he waited her coming! He had signified, no doubt with a smile, his intention of seeing if the Maid would be able to distinguish him away from the throne, and motioning one of the courtiers to take his place upon it, descended and mingled with the throng.

At length the Count de Vendôme appeared, and by his side a slight figure in a page's dress, moving with a natural grace and dignity, and making the inclinations and obeisances which etiquette required in the presence, "as if she had been born at court," says one who was present.

She paid no attention to the pretended king, but turned aside, and going directly towards Charles, knelt before him and said, "Gentle Dauphin," it was observed that she did not address him as king, "I am called Jeanne la Pucelle, and am sent to you by the King of Heaven to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned at Rheims, and shall be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is the true King of France." Deeply impressed, Charles withdrew with her into a recess, and there he heard in that voice which would seem to have caught some of the angelic cadences, so often is its delightful quality referred to by those who heard it—he received the assurance for lack of which his heart had been breaking, and the powers of his mind scattering themselves in folly and dissipation.

"I have to tell you, on the part of my Lord, that you are the true heir of France, and the son of the king. He has sent me to conduct you to Rheims to receive your anointing and your crown, if you will."

"If you will!" Had Jeanne read his timid vacillating character in Charles' face? Did she realize, through her prophetic instinct, that in Him, the king, whom God had taken her from home and happiness to serve, she was to find the real obstacle to the accomplishment of her work? As a sign that she spoke the truth, Jeanne told the king of something which he had done, and which, as he told his advisers afterwards, was known to none save God and himself. After a long interview, the

king dismissed Jeanne with great respect, and confided her to the care of the wife of Gillaume Bellin, lieutenant of Gaucourt, at Chinon, a lady of spotless reputation. Jeanne was given an apartment in the tower of the Castle of Couldray, the home of the Bellins, and watched over by her hostess as if she had been her own daughter.

One night, long afterwards, when Jeanne had been for years a saint in heaven, the king told the Sire de Boissy, a gentleman who was devoted to him, and who, according to the strange custom of the time, shared the bed of his royal master, the secret that Jeanne had revealed to him. During the time of his greatest adversity, she told him, despairing of finding any help for the evil that filled the kingdom, he went alone one day into his oratory, and, without uttering a word, prayed to God that if he were really the heir of the royal house of France, He would restore to him, and defend his kingdom, and that if he were not, He would save him from prison and death, and allow him to escape into Spain or Scotland.

CHAPTER V.

JEANNE IS EXAMINED BY THE DOCTORS AT POITIERS.

Make known to us that which is to be, and we shall know if thou art of God. ISAIAS XII.

AFTER the sign which Jeanne had given him, Charles himself firmly believed in the Maid's divine mission. Still, as the tried warriors, who had maintained his cause with so much bravery for many years, rejected the proffered help with laughter and derision; and such men as Jacques Gelu, the celebrated Archbishop of Embrun, and Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, and chancellor of France, wrote to him in a manner which their high rank in the church and state, and their long devotion to the cause of France, entitled them to assume, begging him not to lightly trust to one who at best was probably but a visionary, he decided to subject the Maid to further proof. Meanwhile, the court, taking its cue from the king, hailed her as the Savior of France, and the knights vied with each other, in teaching her how to hold herself in the saddle, how to manage her horse, how to break a lance, and all other martial exercises, and were delighted with the courage, grace, and strength, which she showed, as if the soul of some dead hero lived again in

this maiden of seventeen years. Among the cavaliers who thus essayed to teach the peasant maid the arts of war, was the young duke d'Alençon, the son-in-law of the poet-duke of Orleans, who had been languishing in an English prison ever since the battle of Agincourt, thirteen years before, and whose deliverance seems to have been, later on, one of Jeanne's dreams, at least.

D'Alençon himself had been made a prisoner at the disastrous battle of Verneuil four years previous, and, after having bravely resisted all the seductions employed to win him over to the cause of Henry Sixth, had just obtained his liberty by the payment of a ransom which almost ruined him. He was hunting at St. Florent, when the news of the wonderful Maid's coming to court reached him, and he at once hastened to Chinon to see her. Jeanne, who seems to have had a special love for the Orleans branch of the royal family, greeted him warmly, saying: "You are very welcome; the more princes of the royal blood that we have, the better." He, on his part, seems to have firmly believed in Jeanne from the first, and remained to the last, one of her most zealous supporters.

At length, a commission, composed of the Bishops of Castres, Poitiers, and Montpellier, was formed to inquire into the life of the Maid. They came to see her in her apartments in the tower of Couldray Castle, and she responded to their questions with the same ease and firmness, the same assurance of her divine mission, as she had shown to the king. Gerard Machet, bishop of Castres, and the confes-

sor of the king, was one of the first to declare that she was the virgin of the prophecy. After long and minute interrogation, the commission made a favorable report to Charles Seventh.

The opponents of the maid, however, refused to regard even this as final, so it was decided to subject her to further proof. After the treaty of Troyes, eight years before, all the patriot members of the University and the Parliament of Paris had fled from that city and taken refuge in Poitiers. Thither Jeanne was sent, in order that she might be examined by the most learned of these. However trying this delay must have been to her, she bore it with resignation, and courageously set forth on her journey southward. On the way, she often said to those who accompanied her: "In the name of God, I know that I shall have a hard time in Poitiers, but God will aid me."

On her arrival in that city, Jeanne was confided to the care of Jean Rabateau, an advocate of Parliament, whose wife enjoyed a high reputation for virtue. It was in his home that Jeanne received a visit from the masters of the faculty of theology. One of them, Pierre de Versailles, had described himself, when sent by Charles Sixth to the Council of Constance, fourteen years before, as Brother Pierre de Versailles, of the diocese of Paris, of noble family, monk of Saint Denis in France, of the Order of Saint Benedict, unworthy professor of theology, prior of the Priory of St. Peter in Chaumont, and ambassador of the Most Christian King of France. Whether he had added any more honors to this long

list in the meantime, does not appear, but it is evident from the manner in which he is referred to in the Rehabilitation Process, that he was a man whose personal character caused him to be greatly loved and respected, and an ardent patriot.

He it was who addressed Jeanne in this preliminary visit, telling her that they had been sent by the king. "I know," Jeanne answered with her usual sweetness, "you have been sent to question me. I do not know A from B," but she added firmly, "Our Lord has other books besides yours." To the question as to why she had come, she answered: "I have come, on the part of the king, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct the king to Rheims, where he shall be anointed and crowned. But before that it is necessary for me to write to the English, and order them to depart. God wills it so." Then without waiting for further questioning, she turned to one of the doctors, Jean Erault, and asked him if he had paper and ink. On his replying that he had, she bade him write as follows: "You, Suffolk, Glacidas, (it was thus the French called Glasdale) and la Poule, I command you, in the name of the King of Heaven, to depart to England."

A few days later, Jeanne appeared before her judges, the chief of whom was Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, and Chancellor of France. Associated with him were the Inquisitor-General, Turelure, of the Dominicans; de Combarel, Bishop of Poitiers; Leroy, Bishop of Montpellier, Pierre de Versailles, and a vast array of theologians and doc-

tors, among whom the Orders of St. Benedict, St. Francis, and the Prophet Elias were represented. Magistrates and members of the king's council made up the rest of this imposing assembly, before whom the simple peasant maid might well have trembled, had she not been sustained by supernatural power. But as it was, she exhibited the same firmness that she had shown at Court, and parried the keen thrusts of these trained minds, with wisdom and simplicity. Thus when Aimeri of the Dominicans said to her: "If God wills, as thou sayest, to deliver the people of France, what need has he of warriors?"

"The warriors will fight, and God will give the battle," was the wise and ready answer of the maid.

But Jeanne was a creature of action and the open air, and the long sessions of the Court, and the mental strain to which she was subjected in answering the questions of the judges at last began to wear on her, as is shown by the brusqueness of some of her replies, as that, for instance to Seguin of the Dominicans. He was a native of Limousin, a province of central France, and had kept the accent, and even the dialect, of his native place, which was very different from that heard on the borders of the Meuse. So when he inquired what language her Voices spoke in, she answered: "In a better one than yours."

"Dost thou believe in God?" asked the austere doctor.

"I do," answered Jeanne.

"Well, God wills not that we put faith in thy words, unless thou givest us a sign."

Jeanne answered : "I am not come to Poitiers to give signs, or work wonders ; my sign is to raise the siege of Orleans. Let them give me soldiers, few or many, and I will go and give you the sign that shall make you believe in me.' She added that the Voices had told her that the English would raise the siege of Orleans, that the king would be crowned at Rheims, and that the Duke of Orleans would return from England.

It was not only in regard to her Voices that Jeanne was examined ; her whole life, from her very infancy, was subjected to the closest scrutiny, two Franciscans being sent to Domremy for that purpose. The wife of Jeanne Rabateau, the advocate-general, with whom she lodged, and other ladies of condition, were examined in regard to her manners and habits at that time, and all testified that the young girl, humble in her demeanor, and simple in her language, shared her time between work and prayer.

Of the Process at Poitiers, there remains only a brief resumé, or, strictly speaking, only the conclusion of the judges, which Charles Seventh made public. There was, however, a full report of the proceedings there, for Jeanne told her judges at Rouen that she wished they had a copy of the book that was at Poitiers. What became of this book? Was it destroyed as so many other mementoes and relics of Jeanne were, during the mad time of the Revolution when everything that the nation had hitherto held sacred was trampled under foot? Or does it still exist among mouldering volumes of mediæval lore, on the dusty shelf of some forgotten

library, awaiting the hand of the patient investigator, that shall bring it back to the light? However this may be, we must content ourselves with the resumé of the proceedings of the Court. In it the doctors commend the king for not having, in the terrible state of the Kingdom, either rejected or accepted the offers of the Maid, but sought in her life and deeds, for a proof of the divinity of her mission. During six weeks (since her coming to Court,) she has been carefully watched, and visited by all sorts of persons, and no one has seen anything in her save humility, purity, devotion, honesty, and simplicity. After close examination, the Report goes on to state, there has been found nothing in the young girl save what conforms to a true Christian and a sincere Catholic. To the questions of her judges, she has returned answers so prudent that they seemed inspired. Taking therefore into consideration her holy life, and reputation, and the desperate state of the good city of Orleans, which has now no hope save in God, the judges are of opinion that the king should accept the services of the Maid.

It must have been a sore trial to Jeanne, this delay of three weeks at Poitiers, with the news from Orleans getting worse and worse, and her longing to be at the work, for which she had been sent, growing stronger and stronger; but it was the Divine Wisdom which ordained it; so that even if there had been no Rehabilitation Process, the verdict of Poitiers would have annulled that of Rouen. and proved Jeanne's justification before the world.

And this not only because the judges of Poitiers were patriots, and the judges of Rouen, traitors; not only because the teachings of ecclesiastical law were faithfully followed at Poitiers, and openly defied at Rouen; what stamped the verdict of the court at Rouen as null and void was the fact that its chief judge, Cauchon, opened a case, already decided upon by his Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Rheims.

After delivering its verdict, the Court of Poitiers gave Jeanne letters of credence, and thus with the voices of the wisest and most powerful in the land joining themselves to the Heavenly Voices in promising her support and assistance, Jeanne went forth upon her mission.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

"Truly doing, thou shalt do, and prevailing, thou shalt prevail."

IN the States-General convened at Chinon by Charles Seventh, in September, 1428, six months before Jeanne came to court, the Clergy, who formed the Second Order of that body, had recommended that in every notable church in France over which Charles still possessed authority, there be a procession every Friday for the success of the armies of the king. The faithful were also counselled to make pilgrimages to the celebrated shrines for the same purpose. A favorite one of these, up to the time of the Revolution, was that of Notre Dame du Puy-en-Velay, especially during the years of Jubilee or Great Pardons, which were those in which the feast of the Annunciation coincided with the Mystery of the Redemption, or in other words, when the twenty-fifth of March fell on Good Friday.

This was the case in 1429, so the magistrates of Puy prepared for an immense number of pilgrims. "Under correction of those who know better," says the quaint chronicle of the town, "never were the times so full of perils and alarms." And then the good burghers go on to beg of each one to put his conscience in a good state, to forgive all injuries,

and to beseech God and Our Blessed Lady to put an end to the wars and tribulations that affected the land. The king is to be supplicated to write to the Duke of Burgundy, and to all the other great vassals of the crown, asking them to guarantee the safety of the pilgrims in their territories; and to warrant, on his part, a safe conduct to all of their people, and even to the English, who wish to come to the Great Pardon. Thus we see the spirit of Christianity making breathing-spaces amid the eternal wars of the Middle Ages.

Among the throng of pilgrims that visited Puy, were Jeanne's mother, and two of her guides to Chinon. It is probable that Jeanne and her mother had arranged to meet at the shrine, and that when the examination at Poitiers prevented the Maid from carrying out this plan, she sent her two guides in her place. It must have been a terrible disappointment for Jeanne to have missed this opportunity of seeing her mother, and made her realize that the path of her high and wonderful destiny was a thorny one! Her mother's heart, too, must have been pierced by anguish, after her long journey from the borders of the Meuse, to find only disappointment awaiting her. She seems, however, to have been much consoled by a monk who was at Puy, named Brother Pasquerel, of the Hermit Brotherhood of Saint Augustine, who, shortly after, appears as Jeanne's chaplain. Had Dame Isabel heard of him, and sought him out to beg him to go to Jeanne in case the king should retain her; or had he been already appointed to the Maid's

service; and stopping at Puy on his way to join her, met by chance her grieving mother?

Meanwhile, Jeanne had been brought from Poitiers to Chinon, where the queens and their principal ladies subjected her to another examination in regard to her past life. From this trial she came out as triumphant as from that of Poitiers.

From Chinon, Jeanne was sent to Tours, a city on the Loire, not far from Chinon. Northeast of it, on the same great river, was the city of Orleans whose deliverance was to be the sign of her heavenly mission. At Tours, she was received into the house of Jean Dupuy, one of the notables of the city, and steps were taken to equip her for military service. The king had a suit of white armor, inlaid with silver, forged for her, in token of the purity of her life; and the Duke d'Alençon presented her with a magnificent coal-black charger. By the counsels of the Celestial Voices, she carefully described to a painter of Touraine, Heuvnes Polnoir, the standard which she wished him to paint for her. It was to be of white linen, embroidered with silk; the field of silver, sown with fleur-de-lis; with the figure of Our Savior, seated on the clouds, holding the globe in his hand, and on either side, an angel presenting him a fleur-de-lis, which He blessed. It was to have the inscription, JESUS, MARIA. The reverse side of the banner was to show the crown of France, held by two angels.

The sword which was to complete her outfit was also the subject of angelic revelation. While hearing Mass in the church of St. Catherine of

Fierbois, on her way to Chinon, Jeanne had remarked the tomb of a knight in the chapel behind the altar. The Voices told her that a sword would be found in the grave of this knight, marked with five crosses, and that it was the weapon destined for her. The clergy of the church, accordingly, opened the tomb, and found the sword, as directed. The people of Fierbois, delighted that the sword, which was to be borne by the Heavenly Maid, should be chosen from their city, subscribed a sum sufficient to furnish a magnificent scabbard of crimson velvet, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and after the sword had been cleaned and polished, it was sent, inclosed in this, to her. The people of Tours presented a second scabbard of cloth of gold.

One of the ablest biographers of Jeanne d'Arc remarks that the discovery of the sword produced on the popular mind the same effect that the revelation of the king's secret had produced on him—it was to the people the sign of the divinity of her mission.

The sword was very dear to Jeanne, coming, as it did, from the Church of St. Catherine, her heavenly counsellor, but, as she declared at her trial, she loved her standard forty times better. The standard was, indeed, much more than the sword, the sign and instrument of victory for her, for she never killed any one, and in order to avoid all possibility of doing so in the fury of battle, always faced the enemy with the great standard in her hand. Moreover, she had been directed by her heavenly guides to "take the standard on the part of God and carry

it boldly." It must have been a strange thing for the generals and other officers to hear the general-in-chief of the army announce her intention of carrying the standard, but the whole thing was so strange that they probably only shrugged their shoulders and let the peasant girl have her way. The carrying of this heavy standard also shows another thing—that Jeanne was not the weak, hysterical creature that some authors would make her; but had a strong, sound body, the home of a sane mind.

When we take into consideration the time, with its belief in sorcery, the wonderful story of the Maid, and of her intercourse with unseen powers, we may well believe that Jeanne, when fully equipped, seemed to the enemy a being not quite of earth; and that at the sight of the slim figure, in shining armor, on the coal-black charger, with the folds of the great white banner streaming out above the silver helmet, they fled in terror. Indeed, thousands of them, who had seen the banner, could not have told what device it bore, because they had never stopped to look.

A military household was also formed for the Maid. At its head was Jean d'Aulon, a knight of mature age, and irreproachable character, who never left her until forced to do so after both were taken prisoners. She had two noble pages, Louis de Contes, and Raymond, two heralds, a steward, and two valets. Jean de Metz, and Bertrand de Poulengy, the two faithful gentlemen who had escorted her to Chinon, and her brother Jean, were also members of her household.

An unexpected joy came to Jeanne during those busy days of preparation, in the arrival of her youngest brother, Pierre, who brought her her parents' pardon and blessing, and greetings from the village-folk, exultant at the fact that from their little hamlet had come forth the virgin of prophecy.

Besides these loving messages, which must have been like balm to Jeanne's wounded heart, Pierre brought his sister a firm and faithful friend who remained with her until she was captured; Brother Pasquerel, whom he had met at Anché, near Tours, and who, as having so lately seen her mother, at Puy, must have been peculiarly acceptable to her.

"I have brought thee this good father," said Pierre: "when thou knowest him, thou wilt love him."

Jeanne answered that she had already heard of him, and begged him to hear her confession, and celebrate Mass the following morning for her. A little later, Nicholas Romée, a professed monk of the Order of Citeaux, and a distant relative of Jeanne's mother, also became her chaplain.

Jeanne now pushed forward the preparations for the expedition to Orleans with all her energy. We find her at Châtelhérault, at Poitiers, at Tours, at Florent-lis-Saumur, at Chinon, trying to remove obstacles, and accelerate matters. Through the mists of history, we can see the struggle already beginning between the adversaries and the partisans of the Maid. Yolande of Aragon, queen of Sicily, the king's mother-in-law, and the young duke d'Alençon, continued to be her chief supporters. Yolande gave

large sums of money, and took infinite trouble to forward the expedition; d'Alençon and the brave La Hire declared they would follow whithersoever she led.

But side by side with these, rises the figure of George de la Trêmouille, the powerful royal favorite, jealous of any one whom the king honored, and opposed to a vigorous prosecution of the war, because it interfered with his political plans in regard to Burgundy. With him stand the courtiers in his train, and the captains, irritated at the importance attained, at their expense, by the rustic little adventuress. Here was the source of the enmities and intrigues which stood in the way of all Jeanne's demands, hampered her in all her undertakings, and delayed the accomplishment of her prophecies for many years.

Another figure of the time is that of Jacques Cœur, the great capitalist, the Vanderbilt of his day, whose beautiful house, the wonder of his day, is still to be seen at Bourges; whose marvelous energy opened to him so many avenues of wealth, and who, after supplying the king's needs for many years, was basely sacrificed by him to the greed of his rapacious courtiers. He it was, no doubt, who now supplied most of the sinews of war, and thanks to him and the Maid's untiring energy, after about five weeks, the expedition was ready to start for Orleans. It was a heavy convoy of provisions, protected by a body of ten or twelve thousand men, commanded by Marshal de Boussac. Under him were Xaintrailles, La Hire, and several other tried

captains. On the twenty-fifth of April, Jeanne left Tours for Blois, whence the expedition was to start, accompanied by de Chartres, chancellor of France, and de Gaucourt, governor of Orleans. On her arrival at Blois, she was hailed with great enthusiasm by the soldiers and the people ; for she was regarded by them as the hope of the nation. And now Jeanne wrought the most marvelous work of her life, filled with wonders as it was.

The moral corruption prevailing in France at this time is terrible even to read of ; and, as usual, this evil state of things was intensified in the army. Jeanne looked at the soldiers, shouting themselves hoarse in welcome of her, with the eyes of a saint as well as those of a warrior. It was not men like these, black with sin, that she would lead to the holy victory that the Voices had promised her ; it must be a penitent and purified host that would follow the standard of Christ.

By her orders, Brother Pasquerel had had made at Tours, a great red banner, on which was represented Jesus hanging on the cross. Every morning and evening a number of priests gathered about this banner, to sing hymns, and hear the confessions of those who presented themselves for that purpose.

All vicious characters of both sexes were driven from the camp ; charms, cards, and dice were committed to the flames; oaths and blasphemies were strictly forbidden.

What had given victory to the English for so many years was not the inferiority of France's armies, for she possessed as valiant soldiers, and as

great leaders, as any that the island nation could send into the field, but lack of unity of action. Dunois, who was as great a soldier as Bedford, realized this, but could not remedy it. The royal authority was equally powerless; the king's captains were not accustomed to obey the king. "It required the authority of God himself to conquer these savage, indomitable wills," says Michelet. "War had changed men into savage beasts; it was necessary to change these beasts again into men, Christians, obedient subjects. Some of these Armagnac soldiers were perhaps the most ferocious men that have ever existed."

There was one, and only one, appeal to be made to these men. They had gone beyond the pale of humanity, of nature even; but they had never utterly broken, so to speak, with religion. They firmly believed that in Jeanne they were to see the messenger of God, and when she came among them, in all the freshness of her youth and virginal purity, the sight of her humble, holy life, and above all, the good that emanated from her saintly soul, rendered her empire over them complete. They were converted, approached the sacraments, and began to lead a new life. Some of the Maid's youth and angelic purity seemed to be diffused among these scarred and wicked veterans; they found themselves full of strength and hope and good will, they accepted unmurmuringly, the rigid discipline which she established, and stood ready to follow wherever she might lead, were it to Orleans or to Jerusalem. The standard of the Maid had become the oriflamme of France.

BOOK II.

THE WARRIOR.

Consider this unique and imposing distinction. Since the writing of human history began, Jeanne d'Arc is the only person of either sex who has ever held supreme command of the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.

CHAPTER I.

JEANNE ENTERS ORLEANS.

"I love the judgment of the people; mediocre judges of mediocre things, they are great judges of great things."

On the twenty-seventh of April, at dawn, the army marched out of Blois, with Brother Pasquerel at its head, carrying the crimson banner, and chanting with the other priests, the Veni Creator. The way lay along the Loire, through a country always beautiful, but exquisitely so in Spring, the loveliest season in France. Into this fair and smiling province of Touraine, the long war had not penetrated; and the land, bright with fresh, tender verdure, and dotted with compact farmhouses, and old gray chateaux, swept gently down to the majestic river, moving towards the distant ocean in all the majesty of its Spring fullness; and reflecting in its clear depths, the aspen, poplar, willow and walnut trees that bordered its banks.

It must have been a strange sight, that army, preceded by monks and choristers, chanting sacred hymns, and having in the midst of the general-in-chief's staff, instead of the bronzed, dark-mailed warrior who usually rode there, a slight young figure, bearing a great white banner, from whose silver armor the sunlight flashed in a thousand rays, that must have made it visible for an immense distance

As the Maid passed, she was hailed by enthusiastic multitudes as the Savior of France, and numbers hastened to swell the ranks of her army. Every morning an altar was erected, and Mass celebrated, at which many of the soldiers communicated along with Jeanne. Then, after an exhortation from some holy friar, to deserve the blessing of heaven by the goodness of their lives, the army resumed its march.

Blois and Orleans were both on the northern side of the Loire, but Jeanne does not seem to have been aware of this fact. She had demanded to be brought to Orleans by way of Beauce, that is to say, by the north bank of the river, on which Orleans stood and where, naturally, the English had their strongest fortifications, and greatest force.

Dunois, who was in command at Orleans, would not consent to this plan, and sent La Hire to Blois, to meet Jeanne, and tell her escort to cross the Loire, and conduct her by the south bank. They did so, but as they advanced near Orleans, struck inland, for the English had not only erected fortifications at the end of the bridge which led from Orleans across the Loire, but had seized the convent of Les Augustins, which stood at the distance of a pleasant walk beyond the bridge, and built a great tower over it, out of the range of whose bristling guns, the leaders of Jeanne's army, with its precious convoy, were anxious to keep.

It was not until they had arrived at Olivet opposite Orleans, but considerably inland, that Jeanne found that she had been deceived. She

had no doubt thought that once at the head of the army, her troubles would be over; but now she perhaps realized that they were only beginning. When she reproached the leaders for deceiving her they probably threw the blame on Dunois. She wasted no more words, but ordered them to take her across the river at once. After consultation, it was decided that the best place to cross was at Checy, two leagues above Orleans, and thither they marched, accordingly.

Meanwhile, within the beleaguered city, Jeanne had been the hope that sustained the people in their desperate situation. It was now seven months since the city had been invested by the English. At first the inhabitants had borne the siege cheerfully, almost gaily, but after the disastrous battle of the Herrings, they began to lose heart. The death of Salisbury, who, it is said, was killed by the discharge from a gun, discharged at random by a schoolboy, had placed the conduct of the siege in the far abler hands of Talbot. He built the formidable bastiles or towers which commanded the city, three of which were named respectively Paris, London and Rouen, and conceived the project of inclosing it in a line of similar fortifications which would enable a comparatively small force to cut it off from all communication with the outside world. This was the terrifying prospect before the Orleanists, when rumors of the wonderful Maid who had crossed France to deliver their city, reached their ears. They implored Dunois to send trusty messengers to Chinon, to see if the story were

true, and when these returned with the assurance that the Heavenly Maid was indeed coming with an army to their relief, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

On the twenty-ninth of April, a messenger announced to Dunois that Jeanne was at Checy, waiting to cross the Loire. He at once directed a large force to attack the bastile of St. Loup, so as to draw off the attention of the enemy, while he crossed the river in a small boat, and advanced to meet Jeanne.

Dunois was a great seigneur, of the royal blood of Orleans, though he bore the bar sinister on his escutcheon, but Jeanne, who knew neither fear nor shyness where the commands of her Voices were concerned, addressed him with little ceremony, almost brusquely. "Are you Dunois?"

"I am," answered the famous warrior, with the military salute, with which, by this time, Jeanne had become so familiar, "and I am rejoiced to see you!"

"Is it you," answered Jeanne, "who have ordered them to bring me by this route, instead of conducting me to Talbot and the English?"

"It is," answered Dunois, "because I, and those wiser than I, have judged that it was the better and surer route."

"In the name of God," cried Jeanne, "the counsel of God is surer and wiser than yours! You have tried to deceive me, and you have deceived yourselves; for I bring you the best succor that ever was brought to knight, town, or city; it is the

pleasure of God, and the succor of the King of Heaven."

It was seen that Jeanne was right, and that Dunois and his advisers had committed a grave mistake. The wind began to blow violently, making the river so rough that the transports for the conveyance of the soldiers and the convoy could not cross it to Checy, and the troops and provisions were delayed on the river-bank, exposed to the fire of the English batteries.

The leaders grew uneasy, probably fearing a repetition of the dismal Herring affair; but Jeanne, after having rebuked their deception of her, went aside, and asked for counsel from her Voices. Returning to the leaders, she said: "In the name of God all will enter the city." As she spoke, they saw a few boats gaining the shore. Jeanne ordered these to be loaded to their capacity with provisions; and then decided to return with the army to Blois, cross by the bridge there, and advance on Orleans by Beauce, as she had been directed to do. But Dunois would not hear of her going back; the provisions, he told her, would be little welcome in Orleans without the Maid. Jeanne hesitated to separate herself from her soldiers who, as she said, "had confessed, and were full of penitence and good will;" and who, away from her, she feared, might relapse into their old evil ways. They reassured her, however, by the most solemn promises, and Jeanne at length consented to go on with Dunois and La Hire, and two hundred lances as guard for the convoy. They embarked, but the

wind was against them, and the heavy boats loaded with beeves and corn, made but little headway on the rough and swollen river. Those on board began to grow alarmed, but Jeanne said: "Have patience; all will go well;" and at once the wind changed, and the boats made the voyage in safety, "in spite of the English, who afforded no hindrance whatever," as Jeanne had predicted.

In the meantime, Orleans was beside itself with joy at Jeanne's approach. All day long there had been rumors of her coming, but nothing definite was known, as Dunois kept his movements as secret as possible. There was delightful expectancy in the air; the people, with that wonderful recuperative force characteristic of the French nation, had already forgotten the privations and terrors of the many months of siege; the city took on a holiday air; the people, attired in their best, paraded the streets, hiding, with happy smiles, the ravages of hunger in their worn faces. Their sufferings were over; little recked they now of the grim towers and great guns, menacing their beautiful city; for was not the deliverer at hand, even at their gates?

And so the long hours went by till the day faded, and the long spring twilight filled the narrow streets with shadows, as the ever increasing throng of knights, gentlemen, priests, burghers, men-at-arms, women, and children, surged through them. Lights began to appear in the beautiful old houses, till at length they stood illuminated from street to roof in Her honor. Then the great pile of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, close by the Burgundy gate,

shone out, a mass of light, above the houses, and it was noised about, that it was by that gate she would enter. Thither, accordingly, the dense throng forced its way; and there it was at last rewarded, for, just after night had fallen, the fanfare of trumpets was heard, and then the great gate turned, and high in the blaze of a thousand torches was seen the great white standard, borne by the Maid's ecuyer, Jean d'Aulon. Then, amid shouts of joy and welcome that seemed to rend the sky, came the silver-clad Maid herself, on her great black charger, with Dunois riding on her left, and behind her, her brothers, the Sieurs de Metz and Poulengy, and the Marshal de Boussac and other generals. She advanced slowly, for the people pressed about her to bless her, to kiss her hand, her mailed shoes, to touch her horse even. So great was the crush, that one of the torchbearers, forced too close to her ecuyer, set fire to her standard. She at once touched her horse with the spur, causing him to turn so that she was able "to extinguish it, and this with as much ease as if she had long followed the wars." She had journeyed far that day, and had neither eaten nor drunk in many hours, but before taking any repose, she asked to be conducted to the Cathedral. After giving thanks there, she was conducted to the house of Jacques Boucher, treasurer of the city, with whom she was to stay. As he was a man of considerable importance, his house, if not so grand as that of Jacques Cœur, the merchant prince of Bourges, was no doubt of the same pattern; all carved without, bright and spacious, and beauti-

ful within. There was a banquet at which the principal people of the city were present; but she, in whose honor it was given, would taste nothing, save a few pieces of bread dipped in wine. Then she went to rest, sharing the bed of Charlotte Boucher, a girl of about her own age and the daughter of her host. Her brother Pierre, de Metz, and Poulengy, also remained as guests of the Bouchers. Not until the lights were extinguished in the Boucher house, did the throng depart from before it; when they did, it was to a quieter rest and sweeter dreams than they had known for long; for they passed into sleep with the pleasant consciousness that the messenger of God was in the midst of them.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRUGGLE FOR ORLEANS.

"I have this day set thee over the nations, thou shall be an iron pillar; they shall strike thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, for it is I who am with thee."

EARLY the next morning Jeanne sought Dunois to propose that they profit by the popular enthusiasm to attack one of the strongest of the English towers. From the moment of his meeting with Jeanne, Dunois seems to have felt a fraternal regard for his strange little fellow-soldier and remained to the last her firm friend and ally. Moreover, he was shrewd enough to perceive that she would prove the unifying force, for lack of which, French valor had hitherto proved powerless against the disciplined armies of the English. But he knew that with the noble exceptions of La Hire, Xaintrailles, d'Alençon and himself, all the captains were bitterly opposed to "this wench from the fields" as one of them is reported to have called her, and that until they could be persuaded or intimidated into following her leading, it would be useless to attempt what she suggested. He therefore told Jeanne that he thought it would be better to await the arrival of her army, adding that if it did not arrive the next day he would go with her ecuyer, d'Aulon, to hasten it. Jeanne submitted to his decision, the more

willingly that it afforded her another interval in which to summon the enemy to depart in peace.

While at Blois she had already sent to the English commanders at Orleans a letter summoning them to depart from the Kingdom of France. It was probably an enlarged form of that which she had dictated at Poitiers, and read as follows:

JHESUS MARIA.

King of England, and you, Duke of Bedford who call yourself Regent of France, you, William de la Poule (Pole) Comte of Sulford (Suffolk) John, Lord de Talebot (Talbot) and you Thomas, Lord Escales (Scales) who call yourselves lieutenants of the said Duke of Bedford, hearken to the King of Heaven; render to the Maid who is here sent by God, the King of Heaven, the keys of all the good cities that you have taken by violence in France. She is sent by God to reclaim the royal rights. She is ready to make peace if you will do right to France, and pay for what you have taken. And you, archers, companions-in-war, gentles, and others, who are before the city of Orleans, go in peace on the part of God; if you do not do so, expect news of the Maid who will see you shortly to your very great damage. King of England, if you do not do this, I am chief in this war, and in whatsoever place in France I find your people I will make them go away, willing or not willing. I am sent here by God to drive you out of France. If you obey, I will have mercy. And be not strong in your own opinion, for you do not hold the Kingdom of France from God, the King of Heaven, son of Holy Mary; but it is held by King Charles, the true heir; for God the King of Heaven so wills it, and it is revealed by the Maid who will enter Paris in good company. If you will not believe this news on the part of God and the Maid, in whatever place you find yourselves, we will go there and make such a commotion as has not been seen in France for a thousand years, if you do not hear reason. And believe that the King of Heaven will send more strength to the Maid than you

can bring against her in all your assaults, to her and her good men-at-arms. You, Duke of Bedford, the Maid prays and requires you to destroy no more. If you will act according to reason, you may yet come in her company where the French shall do the greatest deed that has ever been done for Christianity. Answer if you will make peace in the city of Orleans. If you do not you will remember it shortly by great misfortunes. Written the Saturday of Holy Week.

The passage in this document, relating to the great deed to be done by France, is thought by some to indicate a purpose on Jeanne's part, if the English had yielded to her summons, to unite the two nations in a great crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Her letter was received by the English with raileries and insults. Her herald, Guienne, who had carried it, was retained by them as a prisoner while awaiting the advice of the University of Paris in regard to the propriety of burning him as the messenger of a sorceress. At the time Jeanne had declared that there was nothing left to do but to fight, but now in this time of forced inaction, she seems to have conceived a hope that the enemy might still be induced to depart in obedience to the command of God. She sent a second summons to Talbot by her herald-at-arms, Ambleville, to depart, and to send back her herald, Guienne, to which Dunois added something that probably had more effect on the doughty old English commander: that the lives of the English prisoners in Orleans should answer for the life of Guienne. The latter was sent back with Ambleville, but brought to Jeanne this sinister threat, the prediction of her terrible fate: that the English chiefs would burn her if they caught her.

This brutal response did not discourage Jeanne, who made another appeal, the very next day. When the English had seized the opposite end of the bridge which led from Orleans across the Loire, and erected there the great fortification called the Tournelles, the French had destroyed the middle part of the bridge, and erected the fortification of the Belle Croix on the end of the part that was still standing. It was to this bastion that Jeanne went, and spoke across the gap to Glasdale who commanded at the Tournelles, summoning him to withdraw with his troops while there was yet time; else, woe and shame would come upon them. Perhaps, in her simple trusting heart, there was a belief that it was by some such splendid miracle of peace she was destined to raise the siege; that at her appeal, the captains and soldiers would throw down their arms, refusing to fight longer in an unjust cause, and withdraw from the beleaguered city. But this was not God's design; it was by war, terrible war, that the divinity of her mission was to be shown. Glasdale and his men answered her with oaths, and cries of cow-girl, and threats to burn her if they caught her. Other and fouler names they flung at her, too, names such as rough and angry soldiers, in an age when even conversation, in all classes, was characterized by a coarseness that would not be tolerated to-day, would be apt to taunt a woman in Jeanne's position with, but which pierced her virginal heart like swords, causing hot tears to flow down her cheeks. But when Glasdale went on to call the French miscreants, the

righteous anger, that no insults to herself could arouse, was kindled in behalf of the people she loved so well.

"That is a lie," she cried, "and in spite of you, soon shall your people depart hence; but as for you, you shall not see it."

With this solemn warning, which no doubt intensified the fear of her which was already gnawing at the hearts of the English, and causing all their fury, Jeanne retired. During the days of inaction that yet remained, Jeanne endeavored to convert the soldiers of the garrison, and make them enter upon the struggle in the same religious spirit as her own army. The people still followed her about, never wearying of gazing upon her; and when she went home, followed her through the streets, and gathered about the entrance of the Boucher house in such throngs, that many great people who came to see her could scarcely make their way through them; always finding fresh matter for admiration in her appearance, her soldierly bearing, and, above all, in the marvelous manner in which she managed her spirited horse.

On her part, she always endeavored to communicate to the people her faith in God, and her hope of victory. To the numberless questions they asked concerning her mission, she simply answered, "God has sent me to deliver your city." They believed her; and no longer feared anything; they followed her to the churches, and watching her weep with joy during the divine services, revered her as a saint.

All France realized that Orleans was to be the pivotal struggle in the long contest, and every town that could possibly do so sent thither some soldiers from its garrison. They were very welcome, but to the inhabitants of Orleans, there must have been as much difference between the scanty, ill-conditioned, French troops, and the well-set up, organized, English forces as there was to the people of Philadelphia in our own Revolutionary struggle, between the ragged, war-worn Continentals, and Howe's splendid army. Indeed, the contrast must have been greater, for our country never reached the state of exhaustion that France sank to in the fifteenth century. England, on the other hand, had never been the battle-ground of the war; strong and prosperous, and regarding the war with France favorably, she was always willing to grant new subsidies to carry it on. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Orleanists trembled for the issue. But when one of the wisest men of the city said to Jeanne: "My child, the enemy are very strong, and well fortified; it will be hard to drive them out;" she answered, simply: "Nothing is impossible with the power of God."

But with all the troops that came in, there was no sign of the army from Blois. It was well that Dunois went back to see the cause of its delay, for he found that the chancellor was on the point of disbanding it, and sending the men back to their several garrisons, on the pretext that by concentrating so large a portion of the troops at Orleans, other points would be left almost defence-

less. Dunois finally succeeded in overcoming his objections, and started back with the army, this time in the direction Jeanne had wished to pursue at first, by the northern bank of the Loire.

On the morning of the fourth of May, Jeanne learned that Dunois was nearing Orleans. She at once mounted her horse, and, preceded by priests, chanting sacred hymns and canticles, rode out at the head of five hundred soldiers, and escorted her army into the city. The English forts remained silent, and the long-expected provision-train entered the city without the slightest attempt being made to oppose its passage. This caused the enthusiasm to mount to such a degree, that even the most jealous of the officers agreed that the time for action had come.

As soon as Dunois dismounted, he sought Jeanne to tell her that Falstolfe, the famous English captain who had defeated the French so utterly in the battle of the Herrings, was advancing to Orleans with reinforcements.

"Dunois," answered the Maid, "I command thee to let me know as soon as this Falstolfe comes, for if he passes without my knowing, I promise thee that I will have thy head cut off."

It is evident from this playful threat that Jeanne feared lest Dunois might be persuaded by the council to undertake an attack without her knowledge.

After a frugal repast at mid-day, Jeanne, fatigued by the weight of her armor, and the labors of the morning, went to her chamber to rest. Her ecuyer, d'Aulon, wearied by the march of the preceding night, also went to take some repose.

Suddenly Jeanne started up with a loud cry that brought Madame Boucher and her daughter Charlotte into the room, to hear her exclaim: "In the name of God, our men have hot work! Where are those who should arm me? The blood of our men flows! It stains the earth!"

Filled with awe, for they knew that her Voices were speaking to her, they summoned her ecuyer, and assisted him to arm her. She scarcely gave them time to do it, but breaking away, rushed down the stairs. Her page was playing before the door in the quiet afternoon: "Wicked boy," she said to him, "not to tell me that French blood was flowing!" Flinging herself on her horse, and grasping her standard, which was handed to her out of the window, she dashed down the street at such speed, that her horse's hoofs struck sparks from the pavement. Her career was checked for a moment by a sad spectacle; a wounded man whom some comrades were carrying. Her eyes filled with tears: "My God, my God!" she cried, "never do I see a Frenchman's blood, that the hair does not rise on my head."

At the Burgundy gate, Jeanne learned, that with the usual independence of action, so fatal to the French arms, a party of newly-arrived Bretons had gone out to attack the bastile of St. Loup which stood in an eastern suburb of the city near the church of that name. Thither she sped, accordingly, followed by this time, by her ecuyer, her page, Dunois, and several of her own soldiers.

And now Jeanne showed the great natural genius

for war which was so often to astonish Dunois, d'Alençon, and the other great commanders. Calm and intrepid, she perceived that the first thing necessary to success, was to isolate the fort, and prevent any assistance reaching it from the others. At her command, Dunois and Sainte Sévère directed an attack on the fort of St. Lawrence, where Talbot commanded in person. Other commanders led detachments of the now rapidly arriving French forces against the other redoubts. Assured that all the forts were being held in check, Jeanne rallied the wavering Bretons, now augmented by a body of her own men, and led them against St. Loup. It was the strongest fort on the Orleans side of the Loire; the point of support for the investiture of the entire city, and Talbot had accordingly manned it with a heavy force, and furnished it with great stores of provisions and ammunition.

Jeanne took up her position on the edge of the moat which surrounded the tower, and there, standard in hand, stood urging on her soldiers to the assault. For three hours the struggle lasted; the English defending themselves with the utmost obstinacy. But the French fought as they had never fought before; and at last, "at the hour of Vespers," St. Loup was theirs; and the people of Orleans saw the twilight sky reddened with the flames which consumed the great tower that noonday had seen frowning upon them. Many of the English sought to save their lives by assuming the gowns of priests, which they found in the neighboring church of St. Loup. Jeanne took these under her protection, and had them conveyed to the Hotel Boucher.

Returning to the city, amid the acclamations of the people, Jeanne hastened to the Cathedral to return thanks for her first victory. But she felt little glory in her achievement; the memory of the many whom she had seen pass with curses on their lips, and hatred in their hearts, into eternity, weighed upon her sensitive, saintly soul, agitating her so much, that her chaplain sought to calm her by hearing her confession.

Centuries after, the artist Princess, Marie of Orleans, repaid, in some measure, the debt of gratitude which her house owed to Jeanne d'Arc by devoting her genius to what is perhaps the worthiest representation of the heroic Maid. This exquisite statue represents her on horseback, on the battle-field, recoiling, as her steed bounds over the bodies of the dead. A soul breathes through the marble; the soul of the woman, horror-stricken at finding herself amid scenes so alien to her nature; the soul of the saint, accomplishing her terrible work in obedience to the Voice of God, but shrinking in every fibre from war, "this reign of the devil, where so many men died in mortal sin."

CHAPTER III.

THE DELIVERANCE OF ORLEANS.

" It is hard to say which of the two nations (the French and the English) is more indebted to Jeanne d'Arc ; the one which owes to her its deliverance, or the one which she forced, by a salutary defeat, to enter the path of its future destiny."

THE day after the taking of St. Loup, the Feast of the Ascension, Jeanne decided to devote to repose and religious exercises. She refused to don her armor, and ordered that " no one make war."

The captains took advantage of her resolve to call a council without her knowledge, at which it was decided to attack, the next day, the extremely strong forts of the Tournelles, at the end of the bridge opposite Orleans, and the Augustins, some distance back from the bridge, at the convent of that name. A false attack was to be first made on the fort of St. Lawrence, in order to divert the attention of the English from the real point of attack. After all had been arranged, Jeanne was sent for, and the first part of their plan, only, the false attack on St. Lawrence, communicated to her. Later, however, Dunois revealed all to her.

The next morning, the sixth of May, at dawn, after having heard mass and communicated, along with many of her soldiers, Jeanne set out at the

head of her men, and crossed the Loire to attack the fort of St. John the White, which stood a little distance east of Les Augustins. The English in it, seeing them approach, hastily set fire to it, and retreated to Les Augustins. The French followed, and charged, but were driven back. Seized with panic, they made for the boats, carrying Jeanne with them. The English, seeing the power of the witch, as they called her, thus fail, decided to follow up their advantage, and sallied out of Les Augustins to fall upon the French. But Jeanne had by this time succeeded in rallying her forces; her clear young voice rang out like a clarion. At its sound, the French were filled with new strength, and, abandoning all thoughts of flight, rushed back up the river-bank, and engaged their assailants. At first the fight seemed equal, but at length the English began to lose confidence; they fell back slowly, then their ranks broke in a tumultuous and disorderly retreat to Les Augustins. But the French followed and entered with them, massacred the garrison, and set fire to the fortress.

The only fortification now remaining on the southern bank of the Loire was the Tournelles, covering the entrance to the bridge, and connected with a smaller fort called a boulevard, by a drawbridge. By the time Les Augustins was taken, it was too late to attack the Tournelles, but the French forces encamped before it, in order to do so early the next morning.

Dunois and Jeanne returned to Orleans. The plans of the captains do not seem to have succeeded,

though there had been fighting all day amid the bastiles around the city. The unhoped-for success of the Maid in capturing Les Augustins, instead of teaching them to trust in her, seems only to have made them more eager to steal some of the glory from her. They held another council without her knowledge, and its result was communicated to Jeanne while she was eating her frugal evening repast. "We are so small a number in comparison to the English," said the knight who had been chosen as the council's messenger; "that we think it better not to attempt the Tournelles which, it is the unanimous opinion of the captains, would require a month to take, even with twice as many men as we have at our command. As the city is now well provisioned, we can manage to subsist until the king sends us further succor. It is therefore the decision of the council that there be no attack to-morrow."

When he had finished, Jeanne arose and answered with dignity: "You have been at your council, and I have been at mine; and believe me, that the council of the Lord will be accomplished, and that yours will come to naught. By my martin (bâton) to-morrow, I will take the Tournelles, and return to Orleans by the bridge."

It is hard to believe that the captains really meant what they said, for they knew that Falstolfe was nearing Orleans with reinforcements. It was probably only a feint on their part to keep Jeanne passive, while they gathered the harvest which she had sown.

After the council's representative had departed, no doubt slightly disconcerted by the resolute message of the intrepid Maid, Jeanne sent for her chaplain and told him to celebrate Mass earlier than usual next morning, and to remain near her all day. "To-morrow," she concluded, "I shall have much to do, more than I have yet done, and I shall be wounded in the breast."

This was a repetition of the prophecy which she had made to the king in one of her first interviews with him, that she would be wounded at the siege of Orleans, but not mortally.

There was little sleep in Orleans that night. All during it, boats were crossing and re-crossing the Loire, with the provisions, ammunition, and inflammable material which the inhabitants were carrying to the army before the Tournelles. By daybreak all was ready; Dunois only waited for Jeanne to begin the attack. It was Saturday, the seventh of May, a day destined to be ever memorable in the annals of Orleans. Just as the Maid was mounting her horse, her host Boucher said to her: "Stay and dine with us, Jeanne, on this shad which has just been caught."

"Keep it for supper," answered Jeanne, "and I will bring back a Godden * to eat his share of it."

She directed her course to the Burgundy Gate, only to find de Gaucourt, the governor, who was in league with her enemies, blocking the way. He

* This name was given the English from their salutation of good-day, and not, as is sometimes said, because of their favorite oath.

told her that it had been decided to make no sortie that day.

"You are a wicked man," cried Jeanne, "but whether you will or not, my men shall pass." The crowd pushed him aside, the gate was opened, and Jeanne rode forth to the river.

As soon as she had reached the other side, the assault was begun, and lasted without any perceptible advantage to either side until mid-day. The Tournelles was extremely strong; Glasdale had surrounded it with every possible defense, and to the French it began to appear impregnable. In order to spur them to greater efforts, Jeanne sent for a ladder, and descending into the moat, placed it against the rampart, and began to mount, Suddenly, when half-way up, she fell back; an arrow had penetrated her armor, between the shoulder-piece and breast-plate. When the English saw the witch, the source of all their misfortunes, fall, they swarmed out to seize her; the French rushed to defend her, and for a few moments, a terrific struggle was waged over her prostrate body. But her time was not yet come; the French succeeded in bearing her from the field. Commander-in-chief as she was, she wept at the pain of her wound; after all, she was only a girl of seventeen. When her armor was removed, the arrow stood out half a foot behind. There was an instant of faintness, then, with prayer, she felt her strength renewed, and pulled the shaft out with her own hand. A dressing of oil and lard was applied to the wound, and she remained quiet.

But with her departure, discouragement came upon the French. It was noised about that she was dead; the English, exulting, seemed to be regaining their old ascendency. The dauntless spirit of Jeanne was roused by the report brought to her that Dunois was about to sound the retreat. She sent word to him to have the men withdraw and rest a little, and eat and drink; meantime, she withdrew into a vineyard to pray. Then she insisted upon assuming her armor again, and mounting her horse, rode back at the head of her soldiers, to the scene of action. When the English saw again the silver-clad figure, shining with dazzling brightness in the May sunshine, and the great white banner, fear and consternation seized them, as if they beheld one risen from the dead.

The attack was renewed with ardor, and directed this time against the smaller fortification, or boulevard, which stood west of the Tournelles, and was connected with it by a drawbridge which passed over an inlet of the river. All through the long Spring afternoon the struggle went on; with oaths and defiances and furious imprecations, above which the clear voice of the Maid rang out, inspiring her soldiers, and urging them to greater and greater efforts. In vain the great stone bullets, or cloth-yard shafts of the English archers were aimed at her; she seemed to bear a charmed life, as she moved, a resplendent figure, guiding and directing her men. The English soldiers were seized with terror; some thought they saw in her St. Aignan, the patron saint of Orleans; others believed that

she was St. Michael, the great archangel whom, indeed, she so much resembled; while more cursed her for a witch who had turned the tide of English fortune by her wicked spells. Still, they fought with the utmost fury, and the issue was still doubtful when Jeanne said to a gentleman near her: "When my standard touches the wall, all shall be yours." She added, "Tell me when it touches." A few moments later, the soft May breeze stretched out the great white banner to its full length, so that its pointed ends, with their golden fringe, rested against the dark stone wall of the fortification.

"Jeanne," said the gentleman, "it touches."

"Enter then," cried Jeanne in resonant tones: "All is yours."

The French made another furious assault, mounting the wall as if it had been a stair, and carried the boulevard. Glasdale and his men retreated on to the drawbridge to gain the Tournelles. Jeanne, foreseeing the end, and filled with the yearning of the saint for souls in peril, called to him in a voice that rose high and clear above the infernal clamor, "Glacidas, Glacidas, yield thee to the King of Heaven! I have great pity on thy soul!" He answered with a torrent of blasphemies and fought on, till only thirty of his men were left about him; then the drawbridge, which had been set on fire by incendiary matter placed beneath it, suddenly gave way, and Glasdale and his men, in their heavy armor, went down like stones to the bottom of the Loire.

The Tournelles was taken! As the twilight fell, Suffolk and Talbot, from the fort of St. Lawrence, on the northern shore, could see the flag of St. George hauled down, and the lilies of France run up over the summit of the fortress. Meantime, the people of Orleans had been hastily repairing the bridge, and throngs now streamed across it to view the great fortress so unexpectedly given into their hands!

Jeanne remained at the Tournelles a part of the night waiting to see if the English would make any effort to regain it, but when no indication of this appeared, she consented to return to the city. She entered by the bridge, as she had declared she would enter, with Dunois riding on her left, and followed by all the other captains, and the soldiers. "God knows with what joy she and they were received," says a chronicler of her time. Along a way blazing with torches, she passed, while from every church in Orleans, joyous peals rang out, mingling with the fanfare of the trumpets, the silvery bugle notes, and the cheers and benedictions of the surging throngs. Happy they who could get near enough to touch her, or even her horse. As for the Maid herself, worn with pain and weakness, and fatigue, with her heart rent by the tumultuous joy of victory, and the sorrow of seeing so many souls go, unprepared, to their account, she must hardly have been conscious of what was passing. Last of all came the two hundred English prisoners, who were all that was left of eight hundred that had engaged the French that morning.

The procession passed to the cathedral, where the Te Deum was chanted. Then Jeanne had her wound dressed, and after a frugal repast, went to rest. But all night long, the bells rang out their joyous peals for victory, over the sleeping city, and over the silent river, with the bodies of Glacidas and his men in its depths. The sound must have vexed the ears of the English, for there was little sleep for them that night; silently and swiftly they evacuated the fortifications that still remained to them, and at dawn, the sentinels on the city walls beheld them in the fields, drawn up in order of battle, under the command of Talbot.

When the Maid was told of this, she donned a suit of light chain armor, suitable to her wounded state, and hastened forth, followed by Dunois and the other captains. Men-in-arms, archers, and Scotch auxiliaries, rushed after, and were quickly marshaled into battle order, outside of the Renart gate.

"What shall we do now?" the leader asked Jeanne.

"Hear Mass," answered the Maid. It was Sunday. An altar was erected, and in sight of both armies, two Masses were celebrated. At the end of the second, Jeanne, without turning her eyes from the altar, asked: "Which way are the heads of the English turned?" "Away from us; towards Meung," was the answer.

"In the name of God, let them depart. It does not please God that we fight to-day," she replied.

So the French re-entered Orleans, while the Eng-

lish, after remaining in line for more than an hour, set fire to their fortifications, and then marched towards Meung, carrying their prisoners with them, and leaving behind only a portion of their artillery, and their provisions.

The delivered city gave itself up to rejoicing. Gratitude for the divine assistance was shown by a procession after high Mass; in which Dunois, the other captains, the officers of the Duke, and the burghers, along with Jeanne, heading the women of the city, took part. After proceeding through the principal streets of the city, the procession passed across the bridge, and under the roofs of the half destroyed Tournelles. After prayers had been offered in these ruins by the bishop, the procession returned, and entered the city by the Dunois gate.

And so Orleans was saved; an undertaking so important to France, so tremendous in its results, that the name of the Warrior Maid, who accomplished it, has been indissolubly linked with it, and she lives in the pages of history, and in the memory of the French people, as the Maid of Orleans.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE LOIRE.

"Ung de nous en vault mieux que cent,
Soubz estendard de la Pucelle."

THE effect of the deliverance of Orleans was prodigious. From one end of Europe to the other, the news of the wonderful victory sped, and the nations, who had been watching the long struggle between the two peoples, asked by what power these marvels had been accomplished. The English ascribed it, in the words of Bedford's official report to the home government, "to a person called la Pucelle, filled with the evil spirit, who uses false enchantments and sorcery, by which she not only greatly diminishes the number of your men here, but abates wondrously the courage of the rest, and emboldens your adverse party, and your enemies, to assemble in great numbers."

On the tenth of May, Jeanne left Orleans. The grateful city, which was preparing fêtes in her honor, was disconsolate at her departure, but she reminded the people that her greatest work was yet to be done. She set out for Chinon, but when Charles was apprised of her coming, he went as far as Tours to meet her. "When they came in sight of each other, Jeanne rode forward to meet the king," says the chronicle, "with her banner in her

hand, and her uncovered head bent to the neck of her charger." Charles uncovered, took her by the hand, and "as it seemed to many, would fain have kissed her, for the joy that he felt." In his gratitude, he ennobled her family, and obliged Jeanne to bear henceforth, on the reverse side of her standard, under the arms of France, those of her family, a crown supported by a sword, between two fleur-de-lis.

But, the first hour of joy past, Jeanne found that the jealousies and cowardice of the king's council were as strong as ever. In vain she urged them to march against the enemies who were flying, so to speak, from themselves, and to go to Rheims; they answered that there were neither troops nor money for so great a journey. One day at Loches, when the council was met in Charles' privy chamber, Jeanne, in her impatience, went thither, and tapped softly at the door. Charles bade her enter. She did so, and went and knelt down at his feet, saying, "Gentle dauphin, hold not so many, and such long councils, but rather come to Rheims, and assume your crown; I am much pricked to take you thither."

"Jeanne," said the bishop of Castres, the king's confessor, "can not you tell the king what pricketh you? Is it your Voices that urge you to speak thus?" "Yes," answered Jeanne, "it is my Voices who urge me without ceasing. Often I am sad, because you will not listen to me, when I speak on the part of God, and I complain to Him, and I pray. And after I have prayed, I hear a Voice which says

to me, 'Daughter of God, go, go, I will aid thee.' And when I hear this Voice, I feel a deep joy, and would I might hear it forever."

As the Maid spoke thus, the remembrance of that divine joy caused her face to shine with such a glory, that the memory of it still dwelt with those present, when, in their old age, they came to testify at her Rehabilitation.

But Jeanne was not alone in urging the king. The deliverance of Orleans had given an impulse to the cause of French nationality which carried it far. From all parts of France, from Auvergne, from Berry, from Touraine, from Anjou, from Brittany, a steady stream of cavaliers, gentlemen, burghers, and peasantry, flowed towards the Loire. Nor was it any sordid spirit, or hope of gain, that brought them thither; all they asked was the privilege of fighting under the holy banner of the Maid, in the quarrel that the Lord had made his own. No sacrifice was considered too great in order to become one of her soldiers; men sold their goods, submitted to all sorts of privations, and joyfully faced any danger.

The widow of Bertrand du Guesclin, the great Breton warrior, who in the time of Charles the Wise, Charles Seventh's grandfather, had wrested France from the grasp of England, sent her two grandsons to court at this time. She wished them to remain near the king; but the blood of their great grandsire was hot in their veins, and they longed to go with Jeanne. "It is God's will," the elder said to Jeanne who tried to restrain him

by telling him he should accompany the king to Rheims; "that I go and that I do, now; the more, that as my brother and the Duke d'Alençon say: 'Contemptible he who stays at home.'"

The *élan* swept along in its current the king and council, and the campaign of the Loire was decided upon, which was to wrest all the smaller towns held by the English from them, and leave the way open for the king's march to Rheims.

During the preparations, Jeanne went to pass four days at St. Florent, another of the beautiful castles of Touraine, and the home of the young Duke d'Alençon. This was probably in order that Jeanne might use her influence with his young wife, to gain her consent to his going to the war. He had been a prisoner, and the enormous ransom he was obliged to pay for his liberty had almost ruined him, so that the duchess would not hear of his going to the war again. If he were taken prisoner again, it would be out of the question to raise another ransom, and he might languish like her father, a prisoner in England, for the greater part of his life. But Jeanne's influence was irresistible; no woman, especially, ever knew her that did not love her. She promised the duchess that her husband should return to her unharmed, and so gained her consent to his going. Jeanne then departed, after having arranged to meet the "handsome duke," as she called him, at Loches, where he was to assume command of the army under the direction of Jeanne.

The Maid returned to the king, and begged him to hasten the preparations. "I shall not last more

than a year," she said to him, "better make use of me during that time."

On the sixth of June, she was at Selles. Guy de Laval, who has been already spoken of, in a letter to his grandmother and mother, eager, in their distant Breton chateau, to hear of the wonderful Maid with whose fame all France was ringing, gives the following picture of her. "The king had sent for her to come and meet him at Selles-au-Bery. She gave right good cheer (a kind reception) to my brother and myself, and after we had dismounted, I went to see her in her quarters. She ordered wine, and told me she would soon have me drinking some at Paris. It seems a thing divine to look on, and listen to her. I saw her mount on horseback, armed all in white armor, save her head, and with a little axe in her hand, on a great black charger, which at the door of her quarters was very restive, and would not let her mount. She said, 'Lead him to the cross,' which was in front of the neighboring church, on the road. There she mounted him without his moving, and as if he were tied up. Turning towards the door of the church, which was very nigh at hand, she said in a clear, womanly voice, 'You priests and churchmen, make processions and prayers to God!' Then she said to her soldiers, 'Forward.' Her brother rode beside her, and her folded standard was carried before her by a page. She told me, dear grandmother, that she had sent you, three days before my arrival, a little golden ring, but that it was a very small matter, and that she would have liked to sent you something better, having regard to your estimation."

On the ninth of June, the Maid entered Orleans which was to be the point of departure for the army, amid the same scenes of enthusiasm that had enlivened her first coming. But the grateful city did not confine its gratitude to words; it furnished the army with artillery and gunners, and munitions of war, along with culverins and ladders, and many other things used in mediæval warfare, and deputed two burghers to accompany its beloved Jeanne d'Arc.

The army consisted of the former garrison of Orleans, with the addition of six hundred lances, and a number of farmers and peasants, in their rustic dress, armed with axes, leaden mallets, and whatever other weapons they could procure; a motley company, no doubt, to English eyes, but one filled with an irresistible spirit, as they were soon to find. Jeanne led her little force to Jargeau, where Suffolk was in command. She reached there on the twelfth of June. Although it was Sunday, she determined to attack it, and having arranged the artillery, an art in which, according to d'Alençon, she excelled, she had the trumpets sounded for the assault. The Duke thought it was too soon. "Ah," said Jeanne, "be not doubtful; it is the hour pleasing to God. Work ye, and God will aid."

The assault began, and Jeanne, while occupied as usual, in animating her men, did not forget to watch over the duke, as she had promised. He was watching the assault from an exposed spot at which Jeanne saw a piece pointed. "Get you hence," she said to him, "yonder is a piece which will slay

you!" The duke moved away, and a moment after, the Sieur de Lorde was killed by a discharge from the same gun.

Jeanne pressed forward to the edge of the moat, into which her troops descended and placed the ladders against the walls. But the English fought valiantly, hurling great stones upon the assailants, while a gigantic Englishman ran along the walls, overturning the ladders. D'Alençon made a sign to Master Jehan, a famous Lorraine gunner who had distinguished himself at the taking of Les Augustins, and in a few moments the Englishman fell, struck in the chest by the discharge from a culverin.

A breach was at length made in the walls, and in the rush to enter, the standard of the Maid was overturned, and she herself fell into the moat. A shout of triumph broke from the English, a cry of despair from the French, but she had scarcely touched the earth when she bounded up and remounted to the breach, crying: "Enter boldly, friends, sus! sus! have good courage! your Lord has condemned the English; at this hour, they are ours!"

The French finally reached the summit of the ramparts, and threw themselves with fury on the English whom they pursued into the city and massacred with rage.

Suffolk abandoned the fortification, and retired, fighting as he went, towards a fort at the end of the bridge which led across the Loire. But the French *élan* soon carried this, and he was forced to

surrender with all his troops. Jargeau was theirs! One story is that Suffolk declared: "I will yield my sword only to Jeanne la Pucelle, the most valiant woman in the world, who subjugates and puts us all to confusion." Another account represents him as captured by a soldier, to whom he would not yield his sword till he had knighted him.

That night, Jeanne re-entered Orleans with the army, and the English prisoners. The next day she marched at the head of her troops to Beaugency, six leagues from Orleans. She was preparing to lay siege to the city, when an unexpected reinforcement arrived in the person of the Count de Richemont, at the head of twelve hundred men. De Richemont was a great noble, brother of the Duke of Brittany, and Constable of France. According to Guizot, he was a pure and stainless patriot, and the one to whom, after Jeanne d'Arc, the honor of establishing French nationality is due. But at the time of which we speak, he was in disgrace, and exiled from court. With the true independence of the French feudal lord, however, he had decided not to let these stirring times, when every gale was victory, go by without his banner being seen in the field, and had, accordingly, raised a troop and advanced towards the Loire. Charles sent him word to come no further; Richemont replied that he would take part in the struggle, in the interests of the kingdom and the king, and kept on his way. He was the particular foe of sorcery, and was reported to have burned more witches than any other man in France. He seems to have had serious

doubts as to the source of Jeanne's power, as his greeting shows: "Jeanne," he said, "they tell me that you are against me. I know not if you are from God or not. If you are from God I do not fear you; if you are from the devil, I fear you still less." "Brave Constable," answered Jeanne, "you have not come here by any will of mine, but since you are here, you are welcome." D'Alençon, however, was troubled. The king's orders were precise in regard to Richemont. What should he do? He took counsel of Jeanne, who, hearing that Talbot was approaching, advised that they think of nothing but helping one another. So Richemont remained. The following night, Beaugency capitulated, and on the morning of the eighteenth of June, the French took possession of the town.

A little later, it was learned that six thousand men under the command of Talbot, Scales and Falstolfe were moving to the relief of Beaugency.

At the name of these formidable English generals, who had inflicted so many defeats on the French, there was considerable uneasiness among the French commanders. The Maid had done well in assaults, but she was inexperienced in open battle; their army was small, and a good part of it, raw recruits. When d'Alençon tried to sound Jeanne as to the issue of the approaching contest, she answered gaily: "Have you good spurs?" "What?" cried the chief; "shall we have to run away?"

"No," answered Jeanne, "but the English shall be vanquished, and you will need good spurs to pursue them. This triumph will cost very little French blood."

As soon as the English commanders learned that Beaugency had capitulated, they retreated. The Maid ordered the French to pursue, but the French generals, remembering Agincourt, Verneuil, and Rouvray, hesitated. "In the name of God," cried Jeanne, "though the English were in the clouds, we should have them; God sends us against them to punish them. My Voices tell me they shall be in our power, and that the noble king shall have to-day the greatest victory he has ever had."

The constable supported Jeanne's view, so the attack was resolved on. In order to not give the English time to form in line of defense, and not to precipitate the march of the French so as to hurry them on to the field of battle in disorder, fifteen hundred of the best mounted men were detached under La Hire, to locate the enemy. A number of these went ahead as scouts, galloping over the plains of Beauce, then almost entirely covered with thickets of brushwood. A fruitless search of many hours had just made them conclude that the English had taken some other route, when a startled stag ran towards the northeast, and the sight of their favorite meat, evoked a shout from the hungry English that betrayed their position. The scouts sped back to La Hire, who at once moved with his little force in the direction of the foe. There was a brief council among the English commanders. Falstolfe thought it best to avoid a battle, and fall back on some strongly fortified place until the soldiers should have recovered from their terror, and aid from England should arrive. But the other captains held with

Talbot, that without taking the offensive, they should accept battle. It was therefore decided to fall back, and take up a position with one of their wings resting in the village of Patay, and the other in a fortified monastery. But before they could reach this point, La Hire charged them. Falstolfe withdrew with his column, leaving Talbot to carry on the struggle with the disorganized troops that remained to him. When the main army arrived, the English were put to utter rout, and Talbot was taken prisoner.

The pursuit was hot, and the captors merciless. Ten thousand English soldiers covered the plain with their bodies. Jeanne was moved to tears at the sight; springing from her horse, she lifted the head of a soldier who had fallen, dying, from a terrible blow on the head; she consoled him, obtained the ministrations of a priest for him; and aided him in his death agony.

The army slept at Patay, on the spot consecrated by victory, and on the following morning, the nineteenth of June, returned to Orleans.

In eight days, Jeanne had taken Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency, and Janville, by the terror of her arms; had taken prisoner Talbot, Scales, and Suffolk, and put to flight the redoubtable Falstolfe; had re-conquered the Loire, and opened the road to the capital; and had vanquished the English in open battle after having defeated them in assaults.

The Constable, the marshals, and the princes, all united in declaring that Jeanne was the soul of their councils, and their guide in battle; that she

had taken the initiative in all their great enterprises, that her inspiration had never failed, and that her arms had always brought victory. Truly, as an eloquent man said of her: "God had instructed her hands to fight, and her fingers to hold the sword."

CHAPTER V.

THE CORONATION.

"The incredible dream, the impossible dream, of the peasant maid is fulfilled: the English power is broken, the Heir of France is crowned."

THE city of Orleans was gaily decorated with crimson and green, the Duke of Orleans' colors, to receive the Maid, and there were all sorts of fêtes prepared in her honor. But as she had said, there was little time for work in her brief life, much less for feasting and rejoicing, and after four days, the silver trumpets sounded for departure, and she mounted and rode southward, to Gien, where the king had promised to meet her to go to Rheims to be crowned. At parting, she accepted from the grateful Orleanists, a magnificent robe of crimson Brussels velvet, and a doublet of green velvet, with garnitures of black satin and cendal (silken stuff).

Her arrival at Gien was, no doubt, the cause of much embarrassment to both king and court. In reading Jeanne's story, one is always wishing that the king were worthier of her; a Louis Ninth, or a Charlemagne; if it were not for the kingship and the nation behind the individual, one would think her wasted on Charles who always seems so pitiful a figure beside her. In this case, both he and his council probably thought when they had dismissed

her to the campaign of the Loire, that they had rid themselves of her importunities for some time. But she had done her work with breathless rapidity, and was back again, with fresh laurels on her brow, and a popular enthusiasm supporting her, that made it dangerous to ignore her. Indeed, says a contemporary chronicler: "by reason of Jeanne the Maid, so many folk came from all over unto the king to serve him at their own expense, that La Tremouille and others of the council were much wroth thereat, through anxiety for their own persons." It was no doubt as much fear of exasperating this immense throng by opposing the purposes of their idol, as any other reason, that caused king and council to forsake Touraine, with its summer pleasures, for a perilous journey of eighty leagues through the enemy's country.

On the twenty-ninth of June, the Feast of St. Peter, the royal standard was unfurled, and the army, with the king at its head, began to move. Charles was attended by many princes of the blood, among whom were the Duke d'Albret, the Counts of Clermont, de Vendôme, de Laval, and de Boulogne, and Dunois; and followed by twelve thousand soldiers.

Jeanne was not the head of the army; she was its soul. She would not allow them to fix her any rank, or assign her any post; she rode now with the king, now with the rear-guard, as her purpose prompted her. "They advanced into the heart of the enemy's country with incredible security; and all the enemy's fortresses on one side of the way,

and the other put themselves under the Maid's obedience," says the Chronicler. Some of the nobles who witnessed her extraordinary success said to her: "Jeanne, such things as you have done, we have never read in any book."

Jeanne answered: "That is because the Lord has a book, such as no clerk, however learned, however perfect he may be, has ever read."

The army at length came to Auxerre, occupied by the troops of Philip the Good, of Burgundy. The city was summoned to open its gates to its lawful king, but paid no heed. Jeanne and Dunois were preparing to carry it by assault, when the inhabitants demanded a truce, engaging to supply the army with provisions, and promising such submission as Troyes, Châlons, and Rheims, should show. Jeanne was opposed to their demands being granted, but a secret bribe of ten thousand crowns to La Tremouille, caused him to influence the king to consent to them.

With an army continually augmented by enthusiastic recruits, Charles passed on, receiving submission from every place as he went. At length he entered the flat and chalky plains of Champagne, where, as Michelet says, "dull rivers drag their chalky streams between banks poorly shaded by young or stunted poplars." On the fifth of July, at nine o'clock in the morning, he arrived before the city of Troyes, where the infamous treaty, by which Isabella of Bavaria had given the Kingdom of France to Henry Fifth, had been signed. The walls were lined with the inhabitants waiting to see

the king pass, but they soon found that he had no intention of passing. He encamped before the city, and summoned it to surrender. The burghers would have done so, for the city was the centre of a busy trade in thread, cotton caps, and leather, which caused its fairs to be attended by dealers from all parts of Europe; and they had no mind to have this interfered with by a long siege. But the garrison of English and Burgundians refused to hear any talk of surrender.

There was considerable perplexity in the royal camp when day after day went by, and Troyes still proved obdurate; provisions failed, and the soldiers were obliged to live on unripe fruit. A council was held, at which the Archbishop of Rheims proposed to return to the Loire, a course which found many advocates. Jeanne had not been summoned to the council, but Robert de Mâcon, sieur de Trèves in Anjou, proposed, when it came his turn to speak, that she be sent for. This perilous journey, he said, had been made solely on the representation of the inspired virgin, that it was the will of God, and that they would find little resistance. It was therefore but right that she be called on to explain the seeming contradiction.

"Noble dauphin," said the Maid, when she had presented herself before the assembly; "order your soldiers to assault the city. To what end these eternal councils? In the name of God, before three days are gone by, I will enter, by love, or by force, into the city of Troyes."

The chancellor answered: "Jeanne, if we were

certain of having it in six days, we would gladly wait; but speak you truly?"

Jeanne repeated that there was no doubt, and it was therefore decided to wait. On the afternoon of the ninth of July, they prepared for the assault. The army, discouraged by inaction, rose at the Maid's voice, and worked with such ardor, that by the morning all was ready. The burghers, seeing the terrible preparations, were so filled with terror that they prevailed over the garrison, and just as the trumpets were about to sound the assault, the gate opened, and the bishop, attended by the principal burghers, issued forth, bearing to the king the submission of the inhabitants.

On the following Sunday, Charles made his solemn entry into Troyes. The attention of the Maid, as she entered with him, was attracted by the sound of cries from some French prisoners whom the departing garrison were dragging with them. Jeanne blocked the way, declaring this must not be. When she was told that it was so agreed in the articles of capitulation, she obliged the king to ransom them.

The submission of Troyes decided that of Châlons. The bishop and principal burghers came as far as Estre to meet the king, and make submission to him. At Châlons, a number of the village folk who had journeyed thither from Domremy, were waiting to see the Maid as she passed, riding by the side of princes. They may have fancied that this would be all they would see of her in her exalted station, but she seems to have sent for them, and

received them cordially. To one of them, her godfather, she gave a red cap which she had worn; to another, who expressed his fear of the danger that she ran in battle, she said, "Fear but one thing—traitors."

Early the following morning, the king and army began their march to the city of Saint Remy, where they arrived the same day. The inhabitants had declared for Charles, and compelled the garrison to depart, so that the king found the gates of the ancient city open to him. The Archbishop of Rheims, Regnault de Chartres, who had never occupied his see, was like the king, indebted to the Maid for gaining possession of his own. He had ridden on ahead, and entered the city in the morning, in order to receive his sovereign in his archiepiscopal city.

Late in the afternoon, the king arrived before the gates. The Archbishop, attended by the clergy and students, and followed by all the principal inhabitants, of the city, came forth to meet him; crying Noel! Noel! But neither the king, nor the splendidly attired princes and courtiers who attended him, could draw the people's gaze from the silver-clad Maid, with her great white standard, riding beside the king. An ancient tapestry, preserved in the Cathedral of Rheims up to the time of the Revolution, showed this memorable triumphal entry. And to the eyes of two at least among the throng, it must have seemed like a dream to behold her there—her father and her uncle Durand—whom she saw afterwards at the

inn in the Place, which still preserves the memory of those peasant guests.

The king alighted with the Archbishop, at the great old palace of the Archevêché, close to the Cathedral, where he and his retinue were to lodge. In its magnificent hall, a consultation was held, and it was decided to have the coronation on the following day. The remainder of the day, and all the night, were devoted to preparing for the great event. There was much to be done, and a very short time to do it in ; but the happy turn in the tide of their country's fortune, filled the people with strength and good-will ; and when the July sun rose, it looked down upon a gaily decorated city, through which the inhabitants, in their best attire, were already beginning to surge, for there was much to do, and to see. Now it was some great noble, like the Duke of Lorraine, the Duke of Bar, or Robert Sarrebruck, lord of Comercy, alighting with his retinue at the Archevêché ; now it was some neighboring seigneur with his family, come to seek lodgings for the day.

We know how a presidential inauguration, with all its republican simplicity, will draw people from an immense distance to Washington, so we can imagine with what crowds the pageant of a coronation must have usually filled the little mediæval city. In this case, the times were very perilous, and many good burghers must have felt it unsafe to venture beyond the walls of their good towns, still, no doubt, curiosity, quickened by the presence of the wonderful Maid, must have mastered fear with

a large number, and caused a stream of people of all conditions to pour into the city. They came early, in order to behold one of the most interesting sights connected with the coronation, the fetching of the Sainte Ampoule, the holy vial in which the oil of consecration had been sent to Saint Remy from heaven for the anointing of Clovis centuries before. Watching before the Archevêché, they saw the four splendidly attired peers of France, who had been deputed by the King to go and bring the vial from the church of St. Remy, where it was strictly guarded by the monks, descend, and mount their horses. Followed by the revering throng, they rode to the old Abbey of Saint Remy, and there, kneeling in a row, with joined hands, pledged themselves by solemn oath never to lose sight of the vial, by day nor night, till they had restored it to its appointed guardians. Then the Abbot, in full pontificals, under a magnificent canopy, surrounded, and followed by his monks, appeared, bearing the sacred vessel. Escorted by the "hostages," as the four peers were called, he passed down the church, and through the streets, as far as the church of Saint Denis, where he was met by a splendid procession, headed by the Archbishop, to whom he gave the vial. Preceded by the "hostages" the latter bore it to the Cathedral, already filled with a waiting multitude.

In the meantime, Jeanne had been busy with many things. She had, no doubt, to act as a spur to the procrastinating king and court, ever ready to succumb before any obstacle ; and she may have been present at the interview between the Duke of

Lorraine and Charles, in order to promote the cause of France by their union. She must, too, of course, have seen her father, but of this interview, the last which he was ever to have with his wonderful child, on earth, history says nothing. As it was Durand that went to the king to be questioned in regard to the early life of Jeanne, it would seem that Jacques d'Arc was still bewildered and uncertain, in regard to the wonderful things that had come to pass. A man of his type does not change his mental attitude easily; and though, after the highest in the Church had commended her course, he, no doubt, brought himself to forgive Jeanne's disobedience, and to believe again in her goodness, he probably could not rejoice even in her election by God to a work that brought her so completely into the rude glare of publicity, so repugnant to his peasant heart.

During this interval, she was also busy in dictating a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, full of dignity and patriotism, commanding him to cease to make war on France, and to withdraw all his soldiers from that country. This duty over, she donned her armor, and prepared to accompany the king to the coronation.

At the appointed hour, there was a blast from hundreds of silver trumpets, and then, to the sound of a mighty anthem, the royal procession passed beneath the deeply sculptured portal of that famous cathedral which has been called by a noted writer, "one of the noblest works of man's hands," with the Warrior Maid walking by the King's side, bear-

ing the great standard which she had not to lower. In the rich light falling from the lofty stained windows, it moved, a mass of gorgeous color, towards the high altar, with the great sword of state borne by the Sire d'Albret, directly after the king. According to the antique ritual, six lay peers, and six ecclesiastical peers should have been present, but as they were not, six of the king's courtiers represented the lay peers, and bishops replaced those of the ecclesiastical peers who were absent.

The long ceremony proceeded, amid clouds of incense, and the blaze of myriads of lights, while the deep tones of the organ mingled now with the voices of the priests, and now with the flood of sacred harmony that filled the great gothic pile, until at length the solemn moment came, when with oil from the sacred vial, the archbishop anointed the king. Then, while the sound of the great Te Deum, and the fanfare of silver trumpets, within, and the thunder of artillery without, proclaimed that Charles had been touched with the holy chrism that set him apart, and above all other men, the anointed king of France, the crown was placed on his head, and he was lifted to his seat, according to the ancient rite, by the six ecclesiastical peers.

All through the long hours Jeanne had stood near the King, bearing her standard aloft. "It had had the trouble," she said when she was asked at her trial why her standard only was accorded this privilege, "it was but right that it should have the honor." What had her thoughts been as she stood amid that gorgeous scene, at the supreme moment

of her divine mission? Were there visible to her privileged eyes, those radiant spirits she had long communed with, testifying, by their presence, God's approval of her work? Did the scenes of her childhood rise again before her; the cottage at Domremy, the church, the little garden, and the dusky oakwood, where so often the angelic voices had sounded, urging to her where she stood? Did the future unfold itself before her with its dark visions of treachery and death, and apparent failure, and beyond them, the sight of France descending through the ages, a great and glorious nation, honoring her as its savior?

When the coronation was over, she advanced, weeping with joy, and throwing herself at the king's feet, said: "Noble King, now is executed the pleasure of God, that the siege be raised, and that you come to the city of Rheims to be crowned, showing that you are the true King, and him to whom the kingdom of France belongs."

A little later, the King, who never seems to have been lacking in rewarding Jeanne with material gifts, for her services, urged her to name her own recompense for having brought to pass the coronation. She did so—*that for the future, the villages of Domremy and Greux be exempt from all taxes.* O royal soul! that knows not earthly ambition; that seeks not to turn the King's favor to the aggrandizement of her kindred, but uses it to lighten life's burdens for the poor; that wills her name to be remembered, not in the palaces of the great, but in the peasant's cottage, to descend from generation to generation

with benedictions! Her prayer was granted, and up to the time of the French Revolution, in the tax-books, the pages that bore the names of Domremy and Greux, were always left blank save for this inscription:

RIEN—LA PUCELLE.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER TRIUMPHS.

Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field,
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

AFTER the coronation, Charles Seventh moved through Champagne and Picardy. His march became a mere royal progress; as he neared each town, its gates opened, and joyous processions, headed by cross and banner, issued forth to greet him. Cries of "Noel! Noel!" rent the air, and mingled with the Te Deums that were chanted in thanksgiving to God for having given the country to its legitimate king.

Jeanne, who was riding between the King and the chancellor on one of these occasions, was so touched by the loyalty and enthusiasm of the people, that she cried out: "O good and devoted people! I have never seen such rejoicings at the arrival of the noble prince! If I must die, I would that I might be buried among them!"

"Jeanne," asked the chancellor, "where do you believe that you will die?"

It may have been that the wily chancellor, who was no friend of Jeanne, sought by this question to ensnare her into some prophecy regarding her

death, but if so, his attempt was utterly defeated by the truthfulness and simplicity of Jeanne.

"I know not," she answered, "where it shall please God, for I am no more assured of the time and the place than yourself. I would that it might please God, my Creator, that I might give up arms, and return to serve my mother and my father, and keep the sheep with my sister and my brothers. They would be so glad to see me! . . . . I have done, at least, what Our Lord commanded me to do." After saying these words, she raised her eyes to Heaven, and gave thanks to God. "All those who saw her at this moment," says the ancient Chronicle, "believed more than ever that she had come on the part of God."

The popular account of Jeanne d'Arc represents her as falling on her knees before the King, after the Coronation was finished, and declaring that her mission was fulfilled, and imploring to be allowed to return to her home. Part of the story—that relating to the fulfillment of her mission—is absolutely false; for in all the great mass of testimony recorded at her trial, and at her Rehabilitation, there is not a word in regard to any declaration on her part, of any time or event that was to terminate her mission. On the contrary, her frequent urgings to make use of her while she lasted, would seem to imply that she had understood from her Voices that so long as she was living and free, she was to serve France. The latter part of the story is a garbled account, in which the sentiments of joy and gratitude, which she expressed at the coronation, at having ac-

complished what she had foretold with so much persistence, and brought about in spite of the hesitation and reluctance of others, are mingled with the natural longings for home which, as we have seen, she expressed some days later.

The Maid may be said to have now attained the zenith of her earthly glory and success. All Christendom was ringing with her name ; to her own people she was France incarnate ; she had been ennobled by the King, and her name had been inserted in the liturgies of the Church ; an honor hitherto reserved to royal personages. But the coronation seemed to be the turning-point in her career. At a cursory glance, the events which follow it seem to contradict those which went before ; the Voices no longer seem to guide ; the prophecies made are apparently not fulfilled. It is for this reason that her enemies declare Jeanne to be an impostor ; while others, like Michelet, who revere her innocence and her patriotism, pityingly represent her as one "who mistook the Voice of her heart for the Voice of God." Others again, in whom the romantic and picturesque sides of her story have aroused a sentimental interest, declare that her fault lay in lingering after her mission was ended, in remaining to guide, after she had ceased to be inspired.

This is a very vain and superficial view of a great servant of God ; how superficial, only a study of the learned and spiritual authors, who have written concerning Jeanne d'Arc, can show. After the relief of Orleans, the great French doctor, Gerson,

(to whom has been ascribed the authorship of the Imitation of Christ,) who was closing his stormy life in the quiet of a religious house at Lyons, ceased his swan song, a commentary on the Canticle of Canticles, to set forth his reasons for believing in the divine mission of the Maid. He concluded with the following prophetic words, "Even if the aforesaid Maid should be thwarted from all her hopes and ours, one ought not to conclude that these things have been done by the evil spirit, or not by God; but that, because of our ingratitude and blasphemies, or otherwise by the just, though hidden judgment of God, there might come to pass the frustration of our expectations, in the anger of God, but may He avert this from us, and turn all things to good."

Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, born in 1412, explains upon the same grounds, the failure in gaining the full benefits of the mission of Jeanne. "Often," he says, "what the Divine mercy grants to the grateful, it takes away from the ungrateful." For some such reason, he thinks, God allowed the Maid to be taken by her enemies, and handed over to death. Her prophecies were indeed fulfilled in the end, but, "if we rightly understood her words," says one of her latest biographers, "less than three years should have seen their accomplishment."

It must also be borne in mind that Jeanne declared that she had an express revelation from God to raise the siege of Orleans and to conduct the king to be crowned at Rheims. After these two great signs of her mission had been accomplished,

there was a pause in the express revelations, and she then spoke, according to prophetic instinct, which as St. Thomas, and before him St. Augustine, has defined it, is a certain very hidden instinct, which the minds of men receive without being aware of it.

Suarez, commenting upon this, says, " Holy and true prophets do not always speak from certain prophecy, but sometimes only from a prophetic instinct ; then, however, they do not affirm as certain those things which they put forward, but speak with that uncertainty which they actually have, and which they suspect that they have. Wherefore, if the instinct was true they are not corrected, but after a time, when there comes fuller light and revelation from the Holy Spirit, they are confirmed ; if, however, the instinct was human, they are corrected. He cites the case of Nathan, who said to David : " Go, do all that is in thy heart, because the Lord is with thee. And the same night, the word of God came to Nathan saying that David should not build the Temple, but that his son should build it. In the first instance, Nathan thought that he spoke by the spirit of God, afterwards God corrected him by express revelation." It may therefore be said, generally speaking, that we are now to regard the Maid as in a period of hidden prophetic instinct, although we shall find her receiving during it, many express revelations.

It seems inconceivable that a King who had received such convincing proofs of the divinity of the Maid's mission, should have failed in co-operating

with the designs of God by generously supporting His envoy. There is not the slightest doubt that if he had shown at this time, a gleam of that spirit which, long years after the Maid's great heart had been stilled by death, was to transform him into a soldier worthy even of her, France would have been his. But at this period of his career he was as indolent, and as fond of pleasure, as was ever his famous namesake, the English Charles the Second, two centuries later; and surrounded by ministers who fostered these qualities in him, as the best support to that listless waiting for Burgundy to return to his allegiance, which they called their policy. Nothing makes us realize Jeanne's power more clearly than the fact that she forced such a Prince and such a council from their pleasant places, into the very heart of the enemy's country, bristling with his strongholds. But she was not again to prevail; and at this time she may be said to have entered on her final struggle with Charles and his worthless ministers, in which she was to be worsted. After the coronation, her dauntless spirit turned to Paris; though, as she says, neither by nor against the command of her Voices. But this was stubbornly opposed by the royal council. To those who had not an overwhelming belief in the supernatural character of Jeanne's mission, there was certainly reason for hesitation. Paris, at best, was an uncertain quantity. It was true that it did not love the English; that it had been displeased at the setting aside of its king, insane though he was, by Henry the Fifth; that it was reduced by famine and pestilence, so

that grass was growing in many of its streets, and in the courtyards of its great mansions, but none of these things made it certain that there was any welcome for Charles within its walls. A cosmopolitan, cynical city, long the residence of a dissolute court, brutalized by the terrible feuds of rival factions, there was not to be expected within it the simple unquestioning faith that had caused Orleans and the other provincial cities to open their gates to the Maid as the envoy of Heaven.

There might be, as Jeanne believed, a certain number of its inhabitants willing to rally to the support of a King with the coronation of Rheims in his favor, but it was small in proportion to the Burgundian part of the population, to whom the fact that Charles was the anointed king of France, was lost sight of in the fact that he was an Armagnac, who had waited thirteen years to avenge the murder of Orleans, by the murder of Burgundy, and who would therefore be sure, were Paris surrendered to him, to take terrible reprisals for the slaughter of Count d'Armagnac and his followers which had taken place in that city a few years before.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Paris was the home of Jeanne's greatest enemy, the University of Paris, that city within the city, which cast the first stone of scandal at her, and pursued her with relentless hatred even to the scaffold. The English have long been regarded as the murderers of Jeanne d'Arc, and they have indeed enough to answer for in the matter, but their guilt, strangers and enemies as they were, is light compared to that of the abject,

servile body, composed of her own countrymen, which, after parading its treason by exploiting the roses of England on the walls of the Sorbonne, prostituted its learning and ecclesiastical character to rendering possible the most heinous crime in the annals of profane history.

It would be impossible to explain the animosity of the University of Paris towards Jeanne d'Arc, without a few words as to its past, and the extent of its influence. Cradled in the twelfth century, in the episcopal school of Notre Dame, that gave its name to the Latin Quarter of Paris, it grew into the first organization for the purpose of universal study, and was for a long time, almost the sole dispenser of the bread of learning in the West. Popes had been its pupils, Saint Thomas and Saint Bonaventure had occupied chairs within it; Pontiffs had called it the tree of life in the garden of the church. Many historians pronounce it, the Papacy, and the Holy Roman Empire, to be the three great forces that moulded the life of the Middle Ages; and certainly, in a time that had neither books nor newspapers, in which Church and State were closely united, and religion was closely interwoven with the fabric of social and political life, the influence exercised by this great institution cannot be easily estimated. Ecclesiastical and civil powers had conferred on it so many privileges that it had grown into an independent State, with a democratic form of government, its rector being elected for only three months. It acknowledged no civil authority save the king's, no spiritual jurisdiction save the Pope's.

Its seat being the capital of the country, it came to exercise an immense influence on the government. The historian du Boulay says: "The King and the administrators of the Kingdom took counsel of the University, and most frequently it was the advice of its Doctors that prevailed." But great power and influence, are as trying to institutions as to individuals, and in the fifteenth century, the University had entered upon its period of decadence; though, as its historian says, its decisions were never more deferred to. But the salt had lost its savor; the clear mental vision of earlier days had been blinded by pride and arrogance, and during the Great Schism, when Christendom was bewildered by two Popes claiming its allegiance, the University cast all its immense influence on the side of the anti-pope, and when it ceased to approve of him, succeeded in having the schismatical council of Pisa convened, whose only result was to add a third Pope to the two already contending for the obedience of Europe.

The University played as equally poor a part in the troubles of France which coincided with the Great Schism, 1378–1417. During the long rivalry between the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, it supported the latter, and when he returned to Paris after the murder of Orleans, and not only confessed, but gloried in his crime, one of the University'sdoctors, Jean Petit, justified tyrannicide in a discourse before the Court, without the University disowning his action. The sympathies of the University remained with Burgundy, and though

after he had become a demagogue, and aroused the savage passions of the lowest of the population, so that horrors equal to those which marked the worst moments of the French Revolution, were enacted in Paris, some of its members were alienated, it continued as a body to support him.

At the parricidal Treaty of Troyes, by which the son of Charles Sixth was proscribed, repudiated, and declared incapable, he and his race, of reigning, and France degraded into an English province, the University had been represented by seven of its members. When Henry Fifth died, and Paris sent a deputation to London to carry to the infant king, Henry Sixth, the keys of the city, the University sent a separate deputation to convey to the Dukes of Bedford and Lancaster, the regents of France and of England, and to the queen mother, the assurance of its fidelity to the blood of Lancaster. As a further proof of its devotion, it had the roses of England sculptured on the walls of the main building of the Sorbonne which it was then erecting next to the cloister of St. Benedict, where they remained until the time of Richelieu, who tore down the building, in order to make room for the new College of the Sorbonne which he was erecting.

In 1417, the Council of Constance restored peace to the Church by electing Martin Fifth to the Papacy. On the death of Charles Sixth of France, this Pontiff wrote a letter to Charles Seventh, then at Bourges, in which he saluted him as King of France; and after commenting with sympathy and love on the misfortunes of that country, gave him

truly paternal advice. Thus he implicitly approved of the mission of Jeanne d'Arc, whom the University was to persecute so bitterly for daring to put it in the wrong.

As has been said, one would think that Charles, knowing that he had Heaven with him, would have boldly marched on Paris in spite of all these obstacles. But as usual, he took a middle course, evidently seeking to satisfy both Jeanne and his ministers, and while moving forward in the direction of Paris which he sometimes approached so nearly as to behold its towers, with an occasional deviation towards the pleasant land beyond the Loire, concluded a secret treaty with Burgundy, which was to last fifteen days, after which the Duke was to place the city of Paris in his hands.

As Charles moved towards the capital, the cities of Laon, Soissons, Crécy-en-Brie, and Coulommiers, all submitted to him. Chateau-Thierry, which had a strong Burgundian garrison, commanded by Jean de Croy, Sire de Brun, made some show of resistance, but the inhabitants were in favor of surrendering the city. When the Maid appeared before the walls, they thronged to behold her, and as they gazed on the slight mail-clad figure, many cried out that they beheld myriads of white butterflies hovering about her standard. The fate of the city was decided; it was at once handed over to Charles, who allowed the garrison to depart in safety with their goods.

From Chateau-Thierry the king moved to Provins, which he reached on the second of August. But

Bedford had been too quick for him, and had entered Paris some days before with reinforcements from Normandy and Picardy. Effecting a junction with the troops of Winchester, he marched from Paris, and on the fourth of August, arrived at Montereau, whence he sent a letter to Charles, in which he ordered him to desist from making war on the rightful King of France, Henry Sixth of England.

"Tell thy master," said Charles to Bedford's herald after reading the letter; "that he will have little trouble in finding me. It is rather I who am in search of him."

The French moved towards Paris and encamped for the night near the Chateau de la Motte de Nangis. The following day they prepared for battle. Here at least, Jeanne was supreme; king and statesmen might ignore her counsels, but the army was her own. She disposed her forces, and placed her artillery with the same consummate wisdom that had already astonished Dunois, d'Alençon and other commanders, so many times, and awaited the attack.

But the English were prudent. Bedford counted on the mad impetuosity of the French which had been so fatal at Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and remained passive, waiting for them to charge within his lines. When he saw that this expectation was not to be realized, he fell back on Paris.

This hesitation on the part of the famous English general to give battle, deepened the enthusiasm for Charles, and caused two important cities—Beauvais and Compiègne, to submit to him.

Beauvais was an episcopal city, and its submission to Charles has a peculiar interest, bringing before us, as it does, for the first time, him whose name was to be linked with that of Jeanne d'Arc, to be execrated, as long as sympathy for the innocent, the defenceless, and the persecuted, shall touch chords of pity in the human heart,—Pierre Cauchon, who had received Beauvais, which had been taken by Henry Fifth, as his reward for the active part which, as one of the seven representatives of the University of Paris, he had taken in effecting the Treaty of Troyes. To him, in the enjoyment of his pomp and power, it may have seemed that the people were indifferent as to what flag waved over the citadel, provided they were free to ply their trades, and maintain the traffic that went on in the busy streets. But this was only Norman caution, which told them that any other course would be useless so near the centre of English power. In their hearts they never forgot that they had been French for more than two hundred years. Then came the story of the Maid whom God had sent to save France, and soon, within the tall, gabled houses, in the halles, and narrow streets, the marvels she had accomplished were the inexhaustible subject of conversation. As the king moved northward, and city after city submitted to him, there was much speculation in Beauvais as to his coming thither, and impatient eyes, no doubt, scanned from the walls, the great white roads stretching away in the summer sunshine, in quest of the royal banners, and the glittering breastplate of the Maid, that men said could be seen so far.

And so, when Charles' herald appeared before the city, and sounded his summons to surrender, he was answered with a great shout of "Long live King Charles Seventh, King of France," the gates were thrown open, and the herald conducted to the cathedral where the Te Deum was sung. The Bishop, meanwhile, fled from the city and took refuge at Rouen, where he still was when the Court was being formed that was to try Jeanne d'Arc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH TO PARIS.

"Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your royal powers in dalliance."

ON the seventeenth of August, the King received at Crespy, the keys of Compiègne. He at once established his headquarters in that city, and gave himself up to ease and enjoyment, to which he gave a color of business, by his farcical negotiations with Burgundy. There was no talk or sign of moving on Paris, and finally, d'Alençon and other leaders, weary of forced inaction, went off to Normandy, and captured four great fortresses there, chief of which was the famous Chateau-Gaillard built by Richard Cœur de Lion, on the great cliffs above the Seine, where its ruins are still to be seen. In fact, in such danger was Normandy, the centre of English power, at this time, that Bedford hastened from Paris, with an army, to defend it. This gave Charles a splendid opportunity to attack the capital. But he paid no heed.

The Maid had never approved of the Treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, declaring that there was no peace to be made with him save at the point of the lance. Writing to the people of Rheims the day after it was entered into, "from

her lodging in the camp, on the road to Paris," she says: "It is true that the King has made a Treaty with the Duke of Burgundy to last fifteen days, so that he may render the city of Paris peaceably at the end of that time. Do not, however, be surprised if I enter the city before, in spite of the Treaty. I am not content with it, and I do not know if I will keep it. If I do hold to it, it will be only to guard the honor of the King; and that they may not abuse nor deceive again the blood royal, I will keep together the army of the King, so as to be ready at the end of fifteen days, if they make not peace."

The Treaty ended, but Paris was not surrendered. It was a favorable moment to attack it, for the English forces were still in Normandy, leaving it defended only by the troops of Burgundy. But the time was again wasted in negotiating fresh treaties with Burgundy, the Duke of Savoy having now assumed the part of mediator. On the twenty-eighth of August, a new Treaty was concluded at Compiègne. This insured a suspension of hostilities for six months, both in Normandy, and in the Isle of France. The only place excepted was Paris, but this was not, as one would imagine, in order that Charles might reserve the right to re-conquer his capital. No, this king of shreds and patches, allowed war to be made on Paris, in order to assure Duke Philip the freedom of defending Paris against those who would attack or damage the city. In other words, Charles, realizing that it would be impossible to prevent Jeanne from attacking Paris,

authorized the Burgundians to repulse her, thus morally leaguing himself with her enemies against the liberator of France.

In the meantime he received the submission of the principal cities of Picardy ; Saint-Quentin, Corbie, Amiens, and Abbeville, for says the Burgundian historian Monstrelet, "the greater part of the inhabitants were ready to receive him as God, and desired nothing in the world so much as to yield him obedience." But there was nothing permanent or assured without the capture of Paris.

Seeing this more and more clearly, and realizing that it was hopeless to prevail on the king to lead thither, especially now that he had entered into another Treaty with Burgundy, Jeanne took matters into her own hands, and sending for d'Alençon, the nominal commander-in-chief of the army, said to him : "Fair duke, make ready your men, and those of the other captains : I would fain see Paris nearer than I have yet seen it."

The army was still composed of the men of Orleans, Patay, and the triumphal march to Rheims, who deemed her standard invincible, and at the magic word Paris, there was created one of those enthusiasms such as had compelled the march to Rheims, by whose current both king and council were overborne. Preparations were soon completed, and on the twenty-third of August, the Maid rode out of the city of Compiègne, followed by an army, every man of which believed he was going to another Orleans. Rather than be left alone, so near the centre of English power, king and council re-

luctantly followed. On the twenty-fifth, they reached St. Denis, the city of the royal sepulture, which was, says Michelet, "like the city of the coronation, a holy city." They were now, in effect, under the walls of Paris.

Jeanne was received at St. Denis with enthusiasm, and asked to be godmother to two infants, who were about to be baptized.

A few days later, however, an incident occurred which was regarded as an evil omen by all. The discipline and morality, which Jeanne had introduced into the army, had been difficult to maintain. The captains, who were jealous of her, strove by their example, and their tolerance of vice, to counterbalance her influence. Matters grew worse when the King and his retinue joined the army, and Jeanne had the bitterness of seeing the soldiers whom she had raised to the level of Christian heroes, sinking again into the depths of sin, and justifying themselves in their evil courses, by the royal example. Such things were an outrage to Jeanne's virginal heart, and chancing one day to meet a woman of evil reputation within the camp, she raised her sword—the holy sword of Fierbois—and struck her with the side of the blade, sternly ordering her to begone. But as if the touch of anything unclean were fatal to the blessed weapon, the tempered steel broke in two. The Maid was deeply affected by the circumstance and even the king was troubled. "You should have taken a stick," he said to her, "and not used the sword which came to you divinely, as you say."

But if Jeanne's sword was broken, her faith and

courage were not. She was eager to open the attack on Paris; but she was forced to be passive for some days, in order, as the king said, to give the people time to make a voluntary submission. Many of the captains even, believed, that at the last hour, the people would rise and declare for the king. They were sadly mistaken. In vain they waited, in vain d'Alençon shot proclamations over the walls to the burghers. The English leaders had persuaded the inhabitants that Charles, an Armagnac, would take terrible vengeance on the city for the Armagnac slaughter of years before, and far from entertaining any thought of surrender, the Parisians were preparing to resist to death.

At length, on the seventh of September, after twelve days had gone by, the king consented, or rather agreed to tolerate the attack. According to the terms of the treaty, he himself took no part in it, however, and remained at Saint Denis with one third of the army, while Jeanne and the rest of it—about seven thousand men—advanced to La Chapelle.

That very day there was a sharp skirmish. The Parisians claimed the victory, and congratulated themselves, as if the struggle were over, and they victorious. The Bourgeois of Paris, who was in reality Jean Chuffart, the successor of Gerson as chancellor of the University, recounts in his Chronicle, "that they were proud to have fought against this creature in the form of a woman whom they called La Pucelle,—who was, God knows what."

The following day, Jeanne began the attack in

earnest. At eight o'clock in the morning, the army moved from La Chapelle. It was the eighth of September, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and the pious city of Paris affected to be scandalized by the besiegers attacking on such a day. The troops were divided into two sections; one of which was to attack, the other to prevent sorties, and cover the assailants. It was decided to storm the gate St. Honoré, and the artillery was placed so as to destroy a strong work that defended it. By noon this was done sufficiently to sound the assault, which carried it by storm. Then, as the gate remained closed, and there was no sortie from the city, Jeanne, carrying her standard, and followed by several of her boldest captains, dashed into the first of the two moats that surrounded the walls. She crossed it in safety, but found that the second was filled with water and mud. Utterly unmindful of her danger, she stood on the edge of this ditch, sounding it in different places with her lance, and calling for fagots to fill it up. The soldiers hastened to obey, and prepare the passage for the assault, while the Parisians devoted all their energies to preventing it.

Cannon and culverins were trained so as to hurl their huge stones and bullets on this point, and the archers sent thither their great shafts in death-dealing showers. Amid the choking smoke, the groans and cries of the wounded mingled with the insults and imprecations that were tossed to and fro between the combatants. In the terrible scene, Jeanne stood calm and intrepid, directing the assault, and calling from time to time, in her clear

young tones: "Yield to the King of France!" Suddenly she fell, pierced in the leg by a cross-bow bolt, while at the self-same moment, her standard-bearer fell, mortally wounded. Knowing that her retirement would dishearten the soldiers, Jeanne refused to be carried away, although the loss of blood from her wound was very great. She had herself placed on the bank between the two ditches, and from there continued to give orders, and encourage the assault. But the afternoon wore away, and twilight fell, without the besiegers gaining any advantage. The captains would have sounded the retreat, but Jeanne would not hear of it, declaring that if they persevered, they would triumph.

At length, at ten o'clock at night, the Duke of d'Alençon, and Gaucourt, ordered the troops to fall back. They then removed the Maid by force, and placed her on horseback, to carry her to the camp at Sainte Chapelle. As they rode rapidly away, under a rain of bullets that showered on them from the St. Denis, to the St. Lazare Gate, she kept reproachfully repeating: "By my Martin, it would have been taken."

It is said that she had promised the soldiers that they would sleep in Paris that night, and that as they gathered their dead on the field, under the frowning walls of the still uncaptured city, they cursed her. There is no good authority for either of these stories, any more than there is for the assertion of Michelet, that she felt this solemn check under the walls of Paris, to be fatal. It was a little too soon for such utter distrust and despair. At

Orleans, where the French had had more in their favor than here, they had suffered repulses, and had to fight several days before taking the city.

Jeanne seemed far from despairing, the following morning. In spite of her wound, she was up at dawn, and ordered the trumpets to be sounded for another attack on Paris. As the bustle of preparation filled the camp, a band of horsemen was seen approaching along the road from that city. As the little troop drew near enough to distinguish the colors of the silken banner that streamed out under the newly-risen sun, it was seen to be that of Montmorency. It was indeed the great baron, come out of Paris with fifty or sixty gentlemen, to join the army of the holy Maid.

Their arrival caused great enthusiasm, and the hearts of the soldiers began to beat high with hope. All was ready for departure, when a new force was seen approaching—this time from the direction of Saint Denis. Jeanne's heart must have sunk when she saw it, for she must have foreboded the kind of tidings that always came from the King.

In a few moments, René d' Anjou, and the Count de Clermont rode up with orders from the King for Jeanne to return to Saint Denis with the army. There was incredulity, anger, and expostulation, on the part of Jeanne and her captains, but the messengers only repeated their imperative orders, and so at last the trumpets sounded, and Jeanne and her army turned their faces from the spires of Paris, gleaming in the morning sun, and their hearts from the vision of its conquest, and sorrowfully took the road to St. Denis.

On the way, d' Alençon strove to console Jeanne who, from the pain of her wound and disappointment combined, must have been suffering intensely, by laying before her his plans for storming Paris at another point, and one that would surprise its defenders,—by means of a bridge which he had thrown across the Seine at Saint Denis.

Doubtless the brave, heroic heart rose again at this plan of d' Alençon, but if so, it was only to be cast down again on her arrival at Saint Denis. The King, without even deigning to explain why, ordered the bridge to be destroyed. And yet in the face of this cowardice and treachery, one hears wonder expressed that Jeanne d' Arc did not bring her mission to a glorious conclusion!

Five days later, when Jeanne's wound was somewhat healed, she went to the Abbey Church of Saint Denis, followed by the King, and the princes of the blood, and after prostrating herself before the altar of the patron saint of the kings of France, hung up her armor on one of the columns of the basilica, in homage to him whom she had so often invoked in battle, "for him who is the cry of France" she herself said.

Some writers have taken this as an indication that Jeanne saw that all hope of saving France was over. But she was only complying with a pious custom of the time which ordained that after a soldier had been wounded, and had recovered, he should dedicate his armor to St. Denis. And so, amid the grim and dusty iron mail of France's great warriors, she, who was to make the noblest page in her country's history, hung up the silver mail that had shone like a star of hope

amid the grime, and dust, and smoke, of battle, on its defenders. The Maid's armor was not suffered to remain long in the royal basilica. A little later, the English-Burgundian garrison of Paris made a descent on Saint Denis, and forced the Count of Clermont, who was in command there, to yield the town, which was given up to pillage. By order of the Chancellor of Luxembourg, Louis de Therouanne, Jeanne's armor was carried off and sent to the King of England, without the least compensation being made to the church, "which is sacrilege pure and manifest," says the aggrieved Monk of St. Denis, Jean Chartier.

CHAPTER IX.

JEANNE'S LAST DAYS AT COURT.

"Heroic souls set opinion, success, and life at so cheap a rate that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness."

JEANNE d' ARC, through the failure of those who should have supported her, to do so, had received her first check. She had entered on the sorrowful way which was to lead by Compiègne to the scaffold of Rouen. There was a revulsion of feeling throughout the land; the people, not understanding how Jeanne had been betrayed, saw only that she, whom they had deemed invincible, had failed; that Paris was still in the hands of the English, and the royal army in retreat. Jeanne was now, too, for the first time, forced to disobey her Voices. Amid her pain and disappointment, she had heard again their heavenly cadences, sustaining and consoling her, and bidding her "remain at Saint Denis!" But the King had no intention of remaining in the dangerous neighborhood of Paris. He was weary of business and the toils of war, and longed for his beloved Touraine and the gay, pleasant life of the court. As for Jeanne, he and his council had determined that her future movements should be regulated by them. So he commanded her to accompany him, and wounded and helpless as she was, she was forced to obey. On

the thirteenth of September, the King and army moved from Saint Denis towards the Loire. The change in popular sentiment was shown by the fact that several towns refused to open their gates as they passed. At length they arrived at Gien, whence three months before, they had marched out to the sound of martial music, with banners waving, and the God-speed of the gazing multitudes sounding in their ears, on their triumphal march to Rheims. Charles had promised the towns that had declared for him that he would give them strong garrisons to protect them from the English who now viewed them as traitors. But the short term of feudal service was over, and there were now no eager throngs, as before, seeking service under the holy banner, so the army was disbanded, and the King declared the campaign ended, and left the towns to bear the consequences of loyalty as best they might. He had great hopes from the Treaty with Burgundy, especially as, at the united petitions of the University, the burghers, and the parliament, the duke had been made governor of Paris, and waited for some days at Gien, expecting him to fulfill his promise.

Seeing that there was no hope of effecting anything with the king, d' Alençon proposed to make another descent on Normandy by way of Maine and Brittany, on condition that Jeanne be allowed to go with him. But Charles refused to allow Jeanne to accompany him, so d' Alençon went home to his province and his anxious wife.

Charles now resumed the light, frivolous, existence from which Jeanne had so rudely torn him,

three months before. From castle to castle, he and his court wandered, sailing along the rivers, in the royal barges, with minstrels singing roundelays to the sound of lutes, or riding, a splendid train of cavaliers and ladies, from place to place, but always engrossed with the hunting or the hawking, the frolicking, the feasting, or the dancing, that made up their life. And with these indolent, cynical, men and women, Jeanne d'Arc was obliged to tarry, with her great heart wearing itself out in inaction, while from afar came tidings of French blood spilt in abortive attempts to capture English strongholds here or there, for the war had now sunk once more to the guerilla-like warfare it had been before Jeanne's coming, in which men mounted and rode quite independently of the king. Charles never failed in kindness to her; she had an establishment of her own, rich gifts were showered upon her, and she was exempted from all the restrictions of court etiquette.

In December, letters-patent were issued, confirming the right of the Maid's family to the rank of nobility which the king had conferred upon it after Orleans. Owing to the fact that the honor had been won by a woman, the grant contained a very unusual clause, by which the descendants in the female branches of the family, as well as in the male, were ennobled. The name of the family was changed to Du Lys. In 1614, the rank of nobility was restricted to the male branches of the family. The last representative of these, Henri Francois de Coulombe Dulys, Canon of Champeaux, and Prior of Coutras, died on the twenty-ninth of June, 1760.

But what were letters of nobility, or fine establishments, or rich gifts, to a soul like Jeanne's, when freedom to do its work was denied it? It was at this time, no doubt, that she began to look like Fremiet's great statue of her which stands in the Place des Pyramides in Paris,—a heroic figure, with a noble face, full of resolution, but grave and sorrowful, with the shadow of impending martyrdom upon it.

The war might go as it pleased in the provinces of the north and the Isle of France, and Charles cared little, provided that he retained a certain portion of the realm. When this was in danger, as it had been when Orleans was invested, his terror had been great, and he had yielded to the Maid's guidance. Now that affairs had attained their former status, she was kept in readiness to repel any attempt that might destroy it. In the late autumn, the English began to invest some of the places on the upper Loire. This was a nearer approach to the royal residences than Charles and his favorites approved, and the Maid was accordingly sent to Bourges to recruit a force to repel them. While in that city, where she stayed a month, she was the guest of the lady Margaret de la Tourolde, widow of René de Bouligny, the treasurer of the King. Like every woman brought into contact with Jeanne, this great lady grew to love her tenderly. At the Rehabilitation, she deposed that she had lived intimately with her during her stay at her house, even sharing the same room with her at night. Jeanne, she said, confessed and communi-

cated often, and loved to assist at Mass; and often took her to Matins with her. She was very pious and very charitable, and said, "that she was come to console the poor and suffering."

When Jeanne had succeeded in obtaining some soldiers, she proceeded with the Sire d'Albret, to the town of Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier. At the first attack, the French were repulsed with such heavy loss that they retreated. Jeanne, with only five or six faithful companions, remained before the ramparts, heedless of the fierce fire of the enemy. Her faithful ecuyer, d'Aulon, though wounded, ran back to her, and asked her why she remained when all had fallen back. Jeanne raised her visor, and answered: "I have fifty thousand men with me, and I must take the city." Then her clear voice rang out, ordering fagots and stones to be brought to make a passage across the moat. The soldiers turned back, obeyed her order, and in a little while carried the town by assault. The soldiers pillaged it, but Jeanne forced them to respect a church in which the inhabitants had placed their most valuable possessions. Two vases belonging to the church had been carried away; she had these restored.

After this success, Jeanne, informed of the preparations which Bedford and Burgundy were making to retake the cities which had opened their gates to King Charles, pleaded once more to be allowed to go to their succor. But the king, intent only on his own safety, ordered her instead, to proceed against La Charité-sur-Loire. She obeyed, not-

withstanding many unfavorable presentiments. The town was defended by a noted Burgundian captain, Pierre Grasset, and had a strong garrison, while the French were lacking in almost everything required for the attack. The needy king could furnish nothing, but the city of Orleans, ever faithful to its Maid, gave money for the support of the soldiers, and furnished gunners. After a siege of forty days, however, their supplies being used up, and no more forthcoming, the French were obliged to retire. Some weeks later, Pierre Grasset yielded the city to Charles. After the check at La Charité, the king ordered the Maid to proceed to Sully-sur-Loire, the domain of his favorite La Tremouille. Here she remained three months.

There are three letters still in existence, which bear the mark of the Maid, and are written from this town. One to the Hussites of Bohemia, of which only a German translation remains, is dated March third, 1430. As she was not questioned about this letter at her trial, it is impossible to say positively whether she was or was not the author of it; or, if she was, whether it is really as she dictated it. The fact that it lacks the simplicity of Jeanne's other compositions, would suggest the latter, at least. It must be remembered that Jeanne did not know how to read or write, a fact that placed her at a terrible disadvantage in dealing with unscrupulous people. In this letter, she reproaches the Hussites for the cruelty and horrible excesses of which they have been guilty, and threatens, if they

do not forsake their errors, and amend their lives, that she will come among them with the sword. If Jeanne wrote this letter, it is more than probable that it was in a crusade against these fierce heretics, that she was inviting the English, in her letter to them before Orleans, to join the French. The other two letters are to the people of Rheims, and are answers to ones written to her. Knowing of the approaching campaign of Bedford and Burgundy, and fearing that Rheims, as the city of the coronation, will incur their special vengeance, the inhabitants write to the Maid for counsel. She urges them, in reply, to stand for the King, and assures them that she will be with them in case of a siege.

On the twenty-eighth of March, they write to her again, to tell how certain traitorous Burgundians have been intriguing with some badly-disposed citizens within the city. She answers, assuring her "friends" of the good disposition of the King towards them, and announcing the good news of the submission of the Duke of Brittany. She concludes by promising them prompt assistance.

A short time after Jeanne's return to court, an urgent appeal for help was sent to her from Melun, a town on the Seine, south of Paris, which, after having risen and expelled its English garrison, had now to sustain a close siege by a large force of Burgundians and English. As the fall of so distant a town would be no menace to the safety of the royal domain, Charles forbade her to go. But if Charles could feast and dance and jest, while

French blood flowed like water, and men and women were threatened with the death of traitors for having proclaimed allegiance to him, it was more than Jeanne d'Arc could do. Her place was not here with these giddy triflers; her great heart was beating in unison with the hearts of those agonizing men and women gazing from the walls of the beleaguered city, in quest of the standard that meant deliverance. It was not to the King that they had sent, it was to her, and she would not fail them. So saying no word, she one day mounted her horse, and rode away forever from the court whither she had come like a being from another world, and where her passing was no doubt regarded as a relief. She never saw the King again. In a few weeks, she was in the hands of her enemies in a little more than a year, she was dead. Charles seems to have felt little concern for her fate; a half-witted shepherd boy took her place at court, and all went on as before. But it may be that in the King's last days, when distrust of every human being had girt him about with a loneliness such as encompassed the Maid in her captivity, among the host of accusing memories that rose between his fearful soul and Heaven, not the least was his moral treason towards Jeanne d'Arc.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMPIÈGNE.

" Endurance or patience, that is the central sign of spirit."

JEANNE went to Melun, and raised the siege. It was on the walls of this city, one day during the month of April, that her Voices made her one of the few revelations she ever received in regard to herself. It was, that she would be taken prisoner before the Feast of Saint John, but that she was not to be terrified, but bear it patiently, for that God would aid her. Jeanne asked when this would be, " in order," as she naively said, at her trial, " that she might be careful not to go out that day." But to this question the Voices would give no direct reply, simply exhorting her " to bear all patiently." " Do not grieve at thy martyrdom," they added, " for thou shalt shortly come into Paradise."

After several short expeditions in the neighborhood of Melun, Jeanne went to Lagny-sur-Marne. As soon as she entered the town, the people rushed to tell her that an infant had been born dead there three days before, and that its body was still lying in the church, with all the young girls gathered about it, praying God to restore it to life long enough to receive baptism.

The fate of the hapless little one, shut out from

the presence of God forever, smote the Maid's saintly heart with pity. She went at once to the church, and up the long aisle, to where the tiny waxen form lay, before the high altar, with the pleading maidens grouped about it, and knelt in prayer. After a few moments, a quiver of life ran through the child's limbs; it began to breathe, and uttered a cry. Baptism was at once administered, after which it died. The people cried out that a miracle had taken place, but Jeanne, with her usual wisdom and circumspection, would say nothing. Being interrogated at her trial, as to whether she had restored the child to life, she answered: "As to that, I have no knowledge."

Jeanne's errand to Lagny was to apprehend a certain Franquet d'Arras, who, at the head of a band of four hundred English and Burgundian cut-throats, ranged through the country, committing the most terrible crimes. Jeanne was determined to free the people from this scourge, and learning that he and his band, loaded with booty, were to pass by Lagny, she rode thither with three or four hundred picked soldiers, and encountered them near the town. The brigands retreated behind hedges, and into the depths of thickets, whence their famous bowmen kept up such a fire on Jeanne's men that they were once forced to retreat. But the garrison of Lagny, commanded by the valiant Sire de Foucaud, arrived with artillery, and d'Arras, forced from his fastnesses, was obliged to surrender. Nearly all his men were put to the sword, but the judges of Lagny and the bailly of Senlis, reclaimed

d'Arras in order to try him, for as they said, he was not a prisoner of war, but a thief, a murderer, and a traitor. Jeanne wished to exchange him for a worthy Parisian, the keeper of the famous hostelry of the Bear, in that city, who had been imprisoned for being concerned in some enterprise in favor of the King. But learning that the Parisian inn-keeper was dead, she said : "In that case, do with this man what justice demands." After a trial of fifteen days, the robber-chief, convicted of crimes by scores of witnesses, was condemned and executed.

The death of d'Arras, who was highly prized by both English and Burgundians for his bravery and daring, increased, if possible, their hatred for Jeanne. They declared that she had violated her plighted faith, and broken all the rules of war. Many went so far as to say that she had killed d'Arras with her own hand. The fear with which she had always inspired the English soldiers, was intensified. The men who had enlisted in England, fled sooner than go to France to fight against the witch, and the government was obliged to put in force severe ordinances against both captains and soldiers who delayed, or refused to set out.

Jeanne's estimate of the Duke of Burgundy's intentions proved only too true. At the expiration of the Treaty, instead of peace, the French had twenty years more of war. When the Treaty had been made, Philip had required the city of Compiègne to be given to him as a gage of its being kept ; but the loyal city, which had so lately thrown open its gates to the king, refused to be handed

over to the traitor Burgundy, and the latter was forced to accept Pont-Saint Maxence instead. As soon as the Treaty was ended, Burgundy moved with a large force to take reprisal on Compiègne. As soon as Jeanne learned of the patriotic little city's peril, she declared: "I am going to see my good friends at Compiègne," words which are still to be seen around the base of her statue in the great square of that city. Almost alone, she entered it, to animate the zeal of these last partisans of the royal cause. Her time was short, at best she had only to the Saint John, and knowing how the enemy regarded her, she could have had no illusions as to her fate. But it was not this that disturbed her soul, it was the consciousness of treachery. On the very morning of her arrival at Compiègne, after having heard mass, and communicated, at the altar of the parish church of Saint Jacques, she was kneeling in prayer, when a number of little children stole up softly to look at the Wonderful Maid who, they had been told, was to deliver the city. Like her Master, who, when on earth, took most joy in little children, Jeanne had always loved them tenderly; and now, when her heart was almost bursting with the knowledge of betrayal, she looked down into their innocent, wondering faces, and spoke out all her grief.

"My children and dear friends, I wish to tell you that I have been sold and betrayed and shall soon be given up to death! I beg you to pray God for me, for never more shall I have power to serve the King or France."

From these words, some writers have thought that Jeanne had a prophetic knowledge of her betrayal by Gillaume de Flavy, governor of Compiègne. But as Guizot says: "There are crimes so odious that no one should be accused of them without the most overwhelming evidence of his guilt." It is true that de Flavy was one of those creatures that appear in times of great civil disorder—seemingly utterly devoid of all moral sense—who after a life of the most horrible crime and cruelty, the crown of which was the murder of his grandfather, died by the hand of his wife whom he had maddened by his brutality, and that tradition says that the final provocation to the terrible deed was the betrayal of the Maid, which her husband had revealed in his sleep; but there is not the slightest proof that he was guilty of this crime.

What Jeanne meant was not that gross treason which consists in the violation of the essential principle of honor by a particular act, but that moral treason which springs from the lack of support, and the predominance of the passions of individuals over the common interest. If king and council had cooperated with her, her work would now have been well-nigh done, instead of being delayed for twenty years. And even if the fate impending over her, had been still permitted by God, it would have lost its worst bitterness, if she could have seen France triumphant.

The prospect of her terrible fate did not steal the energy from her arms, or the earnestness from her soul. What was left to her of freedom, she was resolved to give, as she had given all, to France.

Jeanne found the city of Compiègne in great straits; having only a force of sixteen hundred men, besides the militia, to defend it. She went to Crespy-en-Valois, a town directly south of Compiègne, to obtain reinforcements, and succeeded in gathering three or four hundred men whom she led into Compiègne at midnight, on the twenty-third of May, 1430.

Compiègne lies between Beauvais and Rheims, on the southern bank of the Oise, on the opposite bank of which is a great marsh nearly a mile broad, that stretches northward to where the rising ground of Picardy rises like a wall, shutting in the horizon. This marsh is crossed by an ancient raised road that reaches from the end of the bridge that crosses the Oise, to the foot of these hills of Picardy, and ends in the village of Margny. Three quarters of a league to the east on this marsh, at the confluence of the Aronde and the Oise, is the village of Clairoix, while half a league to the west lies a third hamlet, Venette. The Burgundians who were besieging Compiègne, had one camp at Margny, and another at Clairoix. Beyond, in the valley of the Aronde, the Duke of Burgundy himself, with a reserve force, was encamped. The English had their headquarters at Venette.

At the end of the bridge, where the road began that lead across the marsh to Margny, the defenders of Compiègne had erected one of those redoubts, or towers, which, in the fifteenth century, were called boulevards.

The morning after her midnight arrival at Com-

piègne, Jeanne arranged with its captain, Gillaume de Flavy, the details of a sortie to be undertaken towards sunset. Jeanne was to lead her forces across the bridge, and up the road to Margny, and attack the Burgundian camp there; after having taken that, she was to ride eastward to Clairoix, and engage the Burgundians there, hoping to draw the Duke and his reserve force from their camp farther on, to their assistance. De Flavy's part was to prevent the English from Venette from cutting off her retreat. He provided against this by placing a strong force of archers in the boulevard at the end of the bridge, and by keeping a number of covered boats on the Oise to receive the foot-soldiers in case of a retrograde movement.

On the twenty-fourth of May, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Jeanne mounted her horse for the last military service she was ever to render her beloved France. As often before any great misfortune, the heart is filled with happiness, so Jeanne, and with her, the people, and the soldiers, were serene and confident of the issue. As for Jeanne herself, she had special cause for rejoicing. Out there beyond the marshes, where the little villages lay, with the crosses on their church spires glittering in the mellow sunlight, was the great enemy of France—the arch-traitor, who was shedding her last blood and draining her of every resource. If it might be that she could draw him into the battle, and take him prisoner—ah then, what mattered the rest? God's will be done.

The people, never weary of gazing at the wonder-

ful spectacle of a young girl commanding the soldiers of France, crowded about as Jeanne rode towards the gate, with her great standard borne before her, admiring the slim figure on the magnificent horse, attired in a rich tunic of crimson silk embroidered with gold and silver, over her armor, and carrying a sword. On arriving there, she placed herself at the head of her guards, who were commanded by a lieutenant named Barette, and other brave soldiers, numbering in all about five hundred; the gates were thrown open, and with a shout of "God and St. Denis," that was taken up and echoed within the city, the little band sped across the bridge, and along the road to Margny, with the sunshine glittering on the white standard streaming out in the soft May breeze, and on the armor and spears of the knights and soldiers. The action at Margny was brief, and in a few moments the camp had yielded. The Burgundians at Clairoix hurried up to the assistance of their brothers-in-arms, but were repulsed. Then they repulsed the French, who in turn caused them to retreat. A third time the Burgundians advanced, and caused the French to fall back.

While the fight was thus going on without serious injury to either side, the English decided to take part in the fray. In spite of de Flavy's precautions, they passed the boulevard in large numbers, and the French, terrified lest their retreat into the city be cut off, began to show signs of panic. Jeanne, seeing that it was useless to forbid the retreat, endeavored to control it. She joined the

rear-guard, to protect the main body from the fire of the Burgundians who followed in hot pursuit. Monstrelet, then quarter-general of the Duke of Burgundy, says in his Chronicle, "that she directed the retreat with great ability." George Chastellain, another historian who was present, says that the Maid, "surpassing the nature of woman, sustained great peril, and took much trouble to save her company from loss, remaining behind as chief, and the most valiant of the troop." The English, seeing their advantage, hastened towards the bridge so as to intercept the French who were fleeing towards it. As it was now dusk, the archers in the boulevard were deterred from firing through fear of injuring some of their own people; and de Flavy, seeing only the breathless race of a throng of fugitives among whom it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, became fearful lest the enemy might effect an entrance into the city along with the French, and abruptly closed the gates.

Jeanne, meanwhile, totally ignorant of this, fought on bravely. A little guard of devoted gentlemen, realizing her peril, closed up around her, but even in the twilight, the crimson tunic, with its gold embroidery, must have betrayed her identity, to eyes sharpened by the knowledge that she was on the field. She and her companions reached the bridge, only to find that the barrier there had been raised, making safe those on the bridge, but leaving beyond a terrified throng of fugitives, many of whom sought to escape the bristling English lances by jumping into the river.

Realizing now, no doubt for the first time, her terrible danger, the Maid and her devoted little band made an attempt to cut their way through to the western gate. But whoever escaped, the enemy was determined that the Maid should not. The care with which the steel-clad figures of her guard had striven to guard the smaller, slighter, figure whose outlines were visible in the dusk, even if the bright tunic were not, had changed suspicion into certainty. There was a terrible rush, which her devoted guards, among whom were her brother Pierre, and Xaintrailles, resisted with superhuman strength. Again and again the charge was made; one by one, her brave defenders fell about her, as the fierce struggle went on in the blinding dust, of honor against dishonor, of patriotism against treason, of good against evil. In that terrible scene, the English had no part; the shouts to surrender, and the imprecations, and foul names, that were hurled against her, were French, as were the furious faces closing in around her. At last, one of her assailants, some say a Burgundian knight, others, a Picard archer, succeeded in reaching her and dragging her from her horse, shouting as he did so: "Rendez-vous a moi! Donnez votre foi!" She answered: "I have given my faith to another than you, and I will keep my oath." She succeeded in regaining her feet, and renewed the struggle. But it was only for an instant, she was soon overpowered, and resistance made impossible. Her brother, Pierre, Xaintrailles, and her ecuyer, d'Aulon, were taken with her. Her captors led her back along

the raised road, over which she had ridden in such high hope that afternoon, across the desolate marsh to Margny, while from Compiègne the tocsin sounded through the deepening night, telling of her capture, and calling to arms to rescue her. A sortie of her brave soldiers might have done it even then, if there had been a head cool enough in Compiègne to plan it, for there were hearts ardent enough to risk it. But the distance was short to Margny, the time for rescue brief, and before any one within the city had rallied sufficiently to suggest it, the Burgundians had their great, and unhoped-for prize, strongly guarded in their camp.

BOOK III.

THE MARTYR.

"Scribes of England, preserve to France the noble words, the inspired responses, the solemn predictions, of Jeanne d'Arc: it is your hostile hands that build the most beautiful monument to the glory of the Envoy of Heaven. God be blessed! The judges who pronounce Jeanne's sentence have written her absolution before posterity, as the executioners who deliver her to the flames have placed the celestial palm in her hands, and the eternal crown on her head."

CHAPTER I.

JEANNE IS SOLD TO THE ENGLISH.

"Guères ne font tes argumens,
Contre la Pucelle innocente.
Ou qui des secrez jugemens,
De Dieu sur elle pis ou sente."

THE wonderful news of the capture of the Maid spread like wild fire to the English camp, and up to the entrance of the valley of the Aronde, where Duke Philip of Burgundy lay with his forces, "causing more delight," says a chronicler of the time, "than if a great battle had been gained, and France delivered to her enemies." There was a steady stream of soldiers from east and west, across the marsh to Margny, to behold the witch who had struck terror into the men of Agincourt. After the battle of Patay, even d'Alençon had been petty enough to taunt the captive Talbot with his failure, so we may imagine the mocks and jeers and insults that these common soldiers hurled at the prisoner who, with the grime and dust of battle still upon her, and bewildered by the terribly swift accomplishment of the sad prophecy, hardly realized what was passing around her.

A little later, Duke Philip himself visited her. There is no record of what was said at this mem-

orable interview, for although Monstrelet was present, he merely tells us in his Chronicle that "the Duke spoke some words which I do not remember." "Without doubt," says Henri Martin, "the chronicler was far too good a courtier to have a memory for such things," for the burning words that the Maid addressed to the traitor with whom she was at last face to face, or the petty justifications that Philip gave for his treason.

As for the English, the sole alloy in their joy was the fact that it was not they, instead of the Burgundians who had captured her. "But their hatred subdued their pride; especially as Duke Philip said in his letters, that he had conquered for his lord King Henry." "The English chiefs," says one of the Maid's latest biographers, "believed that the 'charm,' which had suddenly changed triumph into disaster, was broken; that they would now resume the course of conquest suspended for a moment by a strange accident, and that France was captive with Jeanne."

"They celebrated the event with festivities, and would not have given her 'for London,'" says the poet Martial, of Paris. Couriers were sent to every town in France in the English-Burgundian power, to announce the happy event. At Paris, there were public rejoicings. A poor woman who said that "God had appeared to her clothed in a white tunic, and a red mantle, and had assured her that the Pucelle was a good Christian, and had received her mission from on high," was burned at the stake, —burned, not by English or Burgundians, but by

French, eager to prove their satisfaction at the fall of the deliverer of France.

On the other hand, the news of the Maid's capture fell like a stunning blow on the French people who had believed that all their sufferings were to be ended by the Messenger of God. At Orleans, Tours and Blois, where she was venerated as a saint, and idolized as the heroic representative of the sentiment of the nation, there were public prayers and processions for her deliverance. At Tours, the people followed, with naked feet and uncovered head, the relics of the great apostle of the Gauls, chanting the Miserere. "The poor people," says a contemporary chronicler, "maddened with grief, accused the lords and captains of having betrayed the holy Maid because she had upheld the poor, and rebuked the vices of the powerful!" But the patriot priests were evidently discouraged in these public petitionings, for after a little time, they died away into silence, silence as deep as that which reigned in the Court of Charles Seventh in regard to her.

The Maid was kept for three or four days in the camp at Margny. But the vicinity of Compiègne suggested the possibility of rescue, so she was removed to the Castle of Beaulieu, near Cambrai, where she was kept closely guarded, as she persisted in refusing her parole. According to the rules of war in the Middle Ages, she was the property of Jean of Luxembourg, whose vassal had captured her. Her confinement does not seem to have been very severe, for the aunt and the wife of de Luxem-

bourg, who inhabited the castle, seem to have had her much in their society, and to have treated her with great tenderness and respect. As they knew that one of her greatest sins in the eyes of her enemies, was her wearing of masculine attire, they begged her to change it for that of her own sex, and brought her the necessary outfit. Jeanne seems to have said nothing in regard to the matter, and seeing that she did not don the clothes, the ladies seem to have concluded that they were not to her taste; so they brought her some stuff, that she might cut her gown to suit herself. Jeanne then said: "I can not give up this attire, until I get leave of my Lord, and it is not yet time." Her delicacy would not allow her to enlarge upon this subject even to these gentle, sympathetic ladies.

She had been captured on the twenty-fourth of May, 1430; on the twenty-fifth, they knew the great news at Paris; on the twenty-sixth, the Vicar-General of the Inquisition, for the English part of France, wrote to the Duke of Burgundy, whose vassal Jean of Luxembourg was, to reclaim her, as accused of several errors, in order to examine her before the doctors of the University of Paris. The University also addressed a letter to the Duke, claiming the prisoner as suspected of magic and sacrilege. This message had no result, so a little later, the great corporation despatched a second letter to the Duke, reproaching him for having been so long idle in the matter of the Maid. It also wrote to Jean of Luxembourg, urging him to move in the matter "lest the Maid escape by the seductions and the malice

of hell, or through the subtilities of evil persons, using all their resources to deliver her. Never had there been in the memory of man such treason committed against the holy faith, such peril to the welfare of the Kingdom, as there would be if she were to escape in so damnable a manner, and without suitable punishment."

Even these forcible representations failed to bring an answer. But the University was not to be thwarted in its design. It had a weapon at hand, and proceeded to use it. Bishop Cauchon, of Beauvais, who was still at Rouen, was one of its sons. The fact that Jeanne had been captured in his diocese, gave him an opportunity of at once serving his Alma Mater, and taking vengeance for the insult and wrong that had been inflicted on him. He hastened to Paris, and after having concerted his measures with the University, appeared at the camp before Compiègne, on the fourteenth of July, as the agent of the English government, and formally claimed the Maid in the name of Henry Sixth. The documents presented by Cauchon to both Burgundy and Jean of Luxembourg, clearly show the estimation of the Maid's power and influence, held by the English, and the lengths they were prepared to go in order to secure her. "Although," they declare, "this woman has no claim to be regarded as a prisoner of war, nevertheless, for the remuneration of those who have captured and held her, the King willingly gives the sum of six thousand francs, and assigns to Jean of Wandomme, the lieutenant of Jean of Luxembourg, (whose archer had captured

her), rents to sustain his estate, to the sum of two or three thousand livres."

As the English knew that this would not be sufficient, the documents continue: "If these persons object to comply with this request on the terms here set forth, then, although the capture of this woman is not equal to that of a king, a prince, or any other person of great estate, nevertheless, as a King, a Dauphin, or any other Prince, is entitled, by right, usage, and custom of France, to compel the captors to accept the sum of ten thousand francs for their prisoner, the said Bishop requires the prisoner to be delivered to him, on giving surety for the sum of ten thousand francs."

This summons remained for some time unanswered. Jean of Luxembourg belonged to an illustrious house which had given kings to Bohemia, and to Hungary, and emperors to Germany, but his nature was as mean as his descent was illustrious, and the cadet of an impoverished house, he looked upon the capture of the Maid merely as a chance by which to mend his fallen fortunes. His silence was merely to give the King of France time to bid for the prisoner; if the sum he named were higher than that offered by the English, Jean of Luxembourg was quite ready to sacrifice their interests. But in his speculations as to the extent of the royal gratitude, Luxembourg was calculating on something that had no existence; the royal ingrate fell below even his enemies' estimate of him; and never lifted a finger to save her who had dared and done the impossible for him.

The only voice raised in Jeanne's behalf was that of a woman, the aunt of the Sire de Luxembourg. This holy and venerable woman's influence stayed even the miserable nature of her soulless nephew, but she died, and his wife's influence was not sufficient to hold him to the right. The English, knowing his neediness, steadied his wavering purpose with a bribe, and Luxembourg, throwing honor to the winds, assumed the character of a victim of destiny, and inscribed on his escutcheon, "No one is held to the impossible"

While these negotiations were proceeding, the imprisoned Maid, much more occupied with the welfare of others than with her own fate, was thinking about the people of Compiègne. The tower in which she was confined, commanded a vast expanse of Picardy, so was probably fifty or sixty feet in height. To leap from it was to risk one's life. The Voices bade her "be resigned;" reminded her "that it was necessary to suffer, and to suffer with resignation." But Jeanne, though resigned to her own sufferings, could not keep her thoughts from dwelling on the poor people of Compiègne. "Would God allow them to perish who had been, and still were, so loyal to their King?"

The thought of such a prospect for them weighed upon her so terribly, that she disobeyed, for the first time, her Voices, and leaped from the window of the tower onto the rampart below. When she was picked up she was unconscious, and it was thought at first, that she was dead. After some time, she regained her senses, but she lay for two

days unable either to eat or drink. St. Catharine appeared to her and gently reproached her for her rashness, and bade her ask pardon of it from God. Then she consoled the lonely, unhappy child, bidding her take courage, that she would be cured, and that Compiègne would obtain succor before the Saint Martin. In a few days, Jeanne was well, and before the feast of Saint Martin, Compiègne was delivered.

This new victory, which the spirit and the tactics of Jeanne so largely contributed to, added to the hatred of the English for her. The negotiations with Luxembourg were speedily brought to a conclusion, and about the fifteenth of November, Jeanne was conveyed from the Chateau of Beaurevoir, to the city of Arras, where English officers, representing the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, were awaiting her. To them the Maid of Orleans was delivered in the name of Henry Sixth, in exchange for the sum of ten thousand francs, according to the feudal custom invoked by the Bishop of Beauvais, which gave the King a right to ransom a prince or any general prisoner, on payment of such a sum. But according to feudal usage, Jeanne should have been ransomed and set at liberty for this sum; whereas it was used to buy her in order to put her to death.

From Arras, Jeanne was taken to Crotoy, a strong fortress in Picardy, at the mouth of the Somme, where she was kept until the final preparations had been made for her trial. Even here, her captivity does not seem to have been very rigorous. She

was allowed to go to mass, and the chancellor of the Cathedral of Amiens, who was staying in the castle, heard her confession and gave her communion. The ladies of Abbeville were admitted to see her: Jeanne was deeply affected by the respect and sympathy shown her by these high-born dames, in the very centre of English power, and embraced them affectionately when they were departing, saying "A Dieu." All through her life Jeanne had at least the satisfaction of having the commendation so dear to a good woman's heart, of the best and noblest of her sex.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR JEANNE'S TRIAL.

"All that remained to do, was to suffer."

THE infamy, so long in negotiation, had at length been accomplished; the "prisoner of war," not ransomed, but sold, had been handed over to her bitterest enemies, to be tried by the very judge that had bargained about her price. The English had never been in any doubt as to what they would do with her after they obtained her; her death had been decided upon from the first. It was true, the rules of war in the Middle Ages gave the captor power to accept ransom for his prisoner, to set him at liberty, or to put him to death, as he chose, but it did not give him power to sell his captive to his enemies. To do so was to sink to the level of Pagans or Saracens, yet this was what was done with Jeanne d'Arc. This first great injustice accomplished, the only question was how to compass her death. No civil tribunal could condemn a soldier for fighting for his country. It was true, she might be put to death in private, as so many prisoners whom it was inconvenient to bring to trial, were, in those times, but that would not serve the purpose. In the first place, it would have been maintained by those whose policy it was

to do so, that Jeanne was not dead at all. Even as it was, several years after Jeanne had been publicly burned to death, a young woman appeared, about the age that Jeanne would have been if she had lived, and declared that she was the Maid of Orleans, who had miraculously escaped from prison. She joined the army, and excited great enthusiasm among the people, though devout believers in Jeanne, were scandalized by her life, which was the very opposite of the austere, sanctified life which the Maid had lead. After a varied career in France and Italy, during which she married a gentleman of high rank, the Dame des Ardoises was summoned to an interview with Charles Seventh. He received her with great honor, and asked her to prove that she was Jeanne d'Arc, by telling him the secret which she had revealed to him. The "lady" collapsed, and no doubt, in a response to a hint from the government, retired into obscurity.

The secret death of the Maid therefore, would not serve the end the English had in view. There was only one way to destroy the moral influence of her work upon the nations of Christendom, and free the armies of England from the dread of her power. She must be condemned as an envoy of Satan, and made to suffer a shameful, public, death. Only an ecclesiastical court could so condemn her, and an ecclesiastical court was promptly furnished by the University of Paris, which, as we have seen, anticipated even the English, in its eagerness to vindicate its course by branding Jeanne and her works as diabolical.

The University and the English, thus united in a determination to destroy Jeanne, found a willing instrument for their iniquitous work in the ejected and vengeful Cauchon. This man was one of those who were the misfortune of the Church in the days when her alliance with the State made her rich in temporal goods; who, without the slightest vocation to the sacerdotal office, entered the fold of her priesthood as the only path to wealth and power that was open to men who were not of noble birth. He was born at Rheims, according to some writers, the son of a wine-seller, though Anselme, the French genealogist, makes him the son of Master Remi Cauchon, a licentiate of laws, who was ennobled in 1393, probably owing to the efforts of his already influential and aspiring son. The latter was educated at the University of Paris, and in 1403, enjoyed the ephemeral honor of its rectorship. After applying himself to the study of Canon Law, the "solemn clerk," as the Burgundian Chroniclers call him, took the degree of licentiate, and taught for some time this branch of ecclesiastical science. His colleagues must have recognized some superiority in him, for, in 1407, and again in 1409, he was deputed to accompany Gerson to Italy, in relation to the Great Schism. Cauchon was a politician, and used all his prerogatives to further his political views, or what is the equivalent with a politician, his own interests. He cast in his lot with the Burgundians, and too often employed the renown he had attained as a teacher of Law, to satisfy the violence of his opinions. He was a

prominent figure during the Cabochien troubles of 1412, and 1413, as may be seen from the fact that he was one of the forty persons proscribed by the Armagnacs on their return to power. Cauchon fled to the Court of John the Fearless, who made him his almoner. He returned to Paris with Burgundy, in the midst of the sanguinary orgies of the Cabochiens. The Duke constituted him the judge of the Armagnac priests, and while he was fulfilling this office, made him one of the Masters of Requests to the King. In 1420, Cauchon was one of the seven delegates chosen by the University of Paris to represent it at the negotiation of the infamous Treaty of Troyes, and received as recompense for his services in that matter, the bishopric of Beauvais. He continued to serve the cause of the English with all his power, and rose higher and higher in their confidence. To serve the English was to earn the approval of the University, and in 1422, that corporation chose him as apostolic conservator of its privileges. This was a most important office, and one that by its very nature gave its holder immense authority and influence in the University.

In the midst of all this honor and success, the Maid appeared, stamping with her miracles the seal of divine reprobation on the cause he had so strenuously upheld, and almost before he had time to realize his danger, he found his place and state snatched from him, and himself again a suppliant at the doors of the great. As he made his suit, and endured again, all the repulses and evasions, and setting aside of his request for more pressing mat-

ters, his bitterness grew against her who had caused his overthrow, and when she had been delivered into the hands of his masters, he eagerly claimed the right of judging her cause as a prisoner captured in his diocese.

He asked a high price for his work; nothing less than the Archeopiscopal See of Rouen, the second city in France. It is some satisfaction to know that he did not obtain it; that the place, sanctified by Jeanne's sufferings and death, was not permitted to become the scene of his pomp and power.

A discussion now rose as to where the Maid's trial should be held. The University was for Paris. That city was hostile to the Maid, so much so, that there had been threats made there to throw her into the Seine, if she escaped the hands of justice. Moreover, Paris was the seat of the University's power, and its verdict, delivered amid scenes hallowed by antiquity, and rendered venerable by a long succession of saints and sages, would have greater force and majesty than if given elsewhere. The English, on the other hand, preferred Rouen, the centre of their power in France. Paris was too uncertain in its character to be trusted. Just then it might be hostile to the Maid, but who could assure them that when the Parisians saw her, and heard her plead her cause, their long-slumbering patriotism might not awake and find vent in a popular *élan* that would snatch their victim from them? Bedford decided that the trial should be held at Rouen, and the University, so arrogant in its dealings with its own Kings, meekly bowed to his decision. That

pale little phantom of royalty, Henry Sixth, was then at Rouen with his great-uncle, the Cardinal of Winchester, one of the main props of the House of Lancaster, and on the third of January, 1431, an ordinance was issued, in which he was made to declare that in compliance with the request of the Bishop of Beauvais, and the exhortation of "his dear daughter," the University of Paris, he commanded the accused to be conducted to the Bishop for trial. The concluding words of this document show the full hideousness of the plot against her. "In any case," it reads, "it is our intention to have again, and to take back before ourselves the said Jeanne, if so it should be that she be not convicted or attainted in the aforesaid matters, or in any other thing touching or regarding our said faith." That is, if the expert dialectical energy of that vast array of schoolmen, who were to be her judges, should fail in extorting some admission from an illiterate peasant girl that could be tortured into heresy, she was not to go free, but to be returned to her dungeon, to die by a secret and violent death.

A few days later, the Maid was brought from Crotoy to Rouen. Of course she was strongly guarded, but one is conscious of an extra heart-beat, at the thought that she was now, for the last time, within the possibility of rescue. Where were Dunois, La Hire, d'Alençon and the other brave hearts, in whose company she had so often ridden down the enemies of France? No doubt this was the question she must have asked herself as she passed on that last earthly journey, through the desolate

wintry land, scanning with her trained eyes, every good position for an ambush, or an attack, hoping to hear the cry of "God and St. Denis," ring out, and to see the charge of her old companions in arms. The attempt might, probably would, have been unsuccessful, but it would at least have redeemed the French from the charge of utter indifference to her fate.

On her arrival at Rouen, the prisoner was lodged in the Castle. This citadel, which had been built by Philip Augustus in 1205, after he had taken Normandy from John Lackland, stood near the rear gate of the city, and commanded a view of a wide expanse of country.

The Maid was placed in a small chamber, into which the light scarcely penetrated, whose only furniture consisted of a wretched bed. In the middle of the room stood a great iron post, with rings. Some writers have declared that Jeanne was placed in an iron cage, in this dungeon, thus taking from the Cardinal La Balue, the distinction of having invented the "fillettes de roi," as they were called, and in one of which the luckless statesman passed a good portion of his life, as a penalty for having intrigued against his royal master, Louis Eleventh. But as the best authorities have pronounced against the cage, we will let it go. There were so many other horrors that one need not be insistent in regard it. In fact, one would think that Jeanne would have preferred the cage when one reads that during the day, she was chained by the neck, the feet and the hands; and that at night,

another chain was placed around her body and fastened to the post in the centre of the room. Five English soldiers were detailed to guard her; three of whom remained in the room day and night. They had orders not to allow any one to enter without an express authorization from the Bishop or the Promoter. On the principle of humanity, both civil and ecclesiastical law ordained that women, whether imprisoned for criminal or civil offences, should not be guarded by men. They were to be placed either in a religious house, or a convent, or in the care of respectable women. There were ecclesiastical prisons in Rouen, and Jeanne, accused of heresy, was entitled to their shelter; but the English were so fearful of their prey escaping them, that they outraged law, and right, and decency, by placing a young girl in a strong private prison, used only for prisoners of war, under the guard of common soldiers. So cruelly did she suffer in mind and body, from her surroundings, and the weight of her chains, that she preferred death to a prolongation of her tortures.

There seems to have been as much curiosity in Rouen to see her, as there had been everywhere else. All those who had influence enough to gain permission to enter her dungeon flocked thither to behold "the witch" as they called her. Among them was the Sire de Luxembourg, in no way ashamed to meet the gaze of the woman he had sold, but happy in the enjoyment of the reward of his infamy. He even went so far as to crack a jest with his prisoner, a jest quite in keeping with his character.

"I have come to buy you," he cried merrily, "if you will promise never more to bear arms against the English." This exquisite joke he uttered again and again, until at length, Jeanne wearily answered, "I know you mock me by your words; you have neither the will nor the power to ransom me." He insisted that he had, until at last, after declaring that he had not, Jeanne added, "I know well that the English will put me to death, believing that after I am dead, they will gain the Kingdom of France, but even if there were one hundred thousand more Goddens, than there are now, they would not gain it."

This prophetic declaration so infuriated an English lord who was present that he drew his dagger and rushed on the chained and defenceless prisoner, and but for Warwick, would have killed her. This incident shows that even belted knights were far from being always faithful to the ideal of chivalry.

To add to all her other tortures, Jeanne was deprived of all that had hitherto sustained her, mass, confession and communion. But she was subjected to worse than this; to something so terrible that, remembering the official character of the men who did it, one sickens at having to record it. Her enemies did not scruple to take advantage of the holiest needs and most sacred aspirations of the human heart, in order to compass their ends. One night, Nicholas Loyseleur, a doctor of the University of Paris, and a canon of Rouen, appeared in Jeanne's cell, disguised as a cobbler. The guards retired, as if bribed, and he told her that he was a

patriot priest, from her beloved native Lorraine, who had run the terrible risk involved in visiting her, in order to counsel her how to act in her approaching trial. Jeanne implored him to hear her confession first, and he consented. The Maid confessed, but not to Loyseleur alone. In the wall, there was an aperture known as a Judas, and here the sacrilegious Cauchon was stationed, listening to the secrets of Jeanne's soul. The Judas has played its own mean part in French history, but never before nor since, was it put to so unspeakably base a use as on that night in Jeanne d'Arc's dungeon!

On Tuesday, the ninth of January, Cauchon convoked a meeting of the judges in the House of of the King's Council. We now hear for the first time the names of those who were to be most actively associated with him in his infamous work; Jean d'Estivet, Canon of Bayeux and Beauvais, who had been compelled, like the Bishop, to flee before the victorious army of the Maid, and who, glad of this opportunity to requite her for her work, performed his office with all the bitterness and cruelty of a vindictive nature; Jean Lemâitre, of the Dominicans, who represented the Inquisition, a man of little energy or capacity, whom the command of the Grand Inquisitor constrained to work which his conscience forbade; Nicholas Loyseleur, memorable for his incredible baseness, and his unavailing remorse; Jean de la Fontaine, Counsellor and Commissary; Jean Massieu, rural dean, charged with the execution of the decrees of the

tribunal. Of the great number of theologians, and masters in art, and doctors from the University of Paris, who helped to make up the court, Jacques Erard, Nicholas Midi and Thomas de Courcelles, distinguished themselves by their zeal.

Jean Beaupere, selected by Cauchon to question the accused, during the first sessions, was obliged to leave Rouen two days before Jeanne's death, in order to reach the Council of Bâle, where he played an important part in helping to bring about the conflict between Eugenius IV, and that assembly. Thomas Courcelles distinguished himself even more in the Council, and is termed by historians the principal framer of the decrees of Bâle. Jacques Erard, Nicholas Midi, and Jacques de la Touraine, were equally hostile to the Holy See, equally ardent in their upholding of "the liberties of the Gallican church." All were sons of the University and proud of the distinction; not with that honest pride in their Alma Mater which makes the love of it come next to that of God and country in a man's heart, but with that overweening confidence in its wisdom, which made them arrogate to it the infallibility which they denied to the Papacy. There is the clearest documentary evidence that never, for a single instant, had the University of Paris admitted even the possibility of Jeanne being sent by God. Its members therefore came to Rouen, determined to redeem the great corporation from the momentary eclipse of power and prestige which Jeanne had caused it, by condemning her as an emissary of Satan.

The peculiar horror which attaches itself to this pitiless Court is that it sinned against the light, its members being all theologians, to whom the laws of the Church were as familiar as the alphabet to educated laymen.

The first meeting was only preliminary. On the following Saturday, Cauchon convoked a second meeting, at the house of Jean Rude, Canon of Rouen, where he lodged, when he read to the judges the information gathered up in regard to the Maid, in order that it might be arranged in articles, so as to expedite matters.

To the credit of human nature, be it said, even in this assembly, there were men whose spirits revolted against the horrible injustice of the proceedings. A priest named Lohier, rose and told Cauchon to his face, that the trial was worth nothing, because the court was not acting as a free body, but under pressure of the English power. Such fury was aroused by his words, that he was obliged to conceal himself, and flee from the city. Some members of the Chapter of Rouen having maintained that in all justice, the Act of Accusation should be read in a language that the prisoner could understand, they were imprisoned, as dangerous men seeking to defeat the ends of justice. Others took exception to the fact that Jeanne had not been placed in a prison of the church, but Cauchon silenced these with menaces. Undeterred by these examples, another brave priest, Nicholas de Houppeville, arose, and declared that the process was not legal, because the Bishop was of a party hostile to the Maid, and because he was

judging a case already judged by his Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Rheims. Cauchon, wild with rage, excluded him from the court, and cited him before him. De Houppeville refused to appear, declaring that the Chapter of Rouen alone had power to summon him. This body cited him accordingly, and when he presented himself before it, by the order of him whose competence to judge him, he had denied, he was thrown into a dungeon within the same huge fortress that held Jeanne d'Arc.

Several weeks were now devoted by d'Estivet to gathering evidence against the accused. The English government spared neither trouble nor expense; messengers, well supplied with golden means of obtaining information, were sent to every locality that Jeanne had passed any time in, to seek for information concerning her life and conduct. Those sent to Domremy and Vaucouleurs, brought back such overwhelming testimony in the accused's favor, that d'Estivet refused to pay them for their work.

Meanwhile, the other assessors were busy preparing for their victim an immense number of questions, apparently very simple, but calculated to lure any one to whom the paths of theology were untrodden ways, into terrible snares. All was now ready for the forensic struggle between the peasant girl and the most celebrated doctors of the age, united in the sinister determination to destroy the accused.

On the twentieth of February, Jean Massieu entered Jeanne's dungeon and read to her a citation to appear before the Court at eight o'clock the

following morning. She answered that she would willingly do so, but requested that an equal number of ecclesiastics of the party of France be associated with those of the English-Burgundian party that were to try her. This request, founded on the strictest equity, was ignored. There was to be no earthly help for their victim; the superiority which she was to show, the wisdom which was to dictate answers that drew wonder and admiration from even the judges themselves, were to come from God alone, and give to a wondering, waiting, world, the final proof of the divinity of the Maid's mission.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIAL.*

"I do believe
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that,
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge!"

ON the twenty-first of February, the trial of Jeanne began. It was held in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace at Rouen. Bishop Cauchon, a man whom ambition had already made false to his country, and was now to make false to his God, presided, assisted by forty-one assessors. When all had taken their places, it was ordered that the prisoner be brought in. A thrill of curiosity must have run through the assembly in the moments that intervened before her coming, to behold her who had turned the men of Agincourt into cowards, and checked England in her career of conquest. At length the heavy footsteps of the guards, and the clanking of chains, were heard, and in a few moments, a slight young figure in a page's costume of black woolen stuff, moving slowly under the weight of heavy chains, and pale, and thin, from darkness and imprisonment, but with that

* The facts of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc have been taken from the monumental work of the learned French Jesuit, Pere d'Aynoles; *La Pucelle Devant L' Eglise De Son Temps.*

bright, dauntless look, that nameless something in her appearance and bearing that had caused her to be described as "something divine," appeared before them.

No doubt, as they saw her thus, whose sole crime it was, to have striven for the liberty of their common country, which they had betrayed, the better natures of some of them awoke, and they realized that the bitterest penalty of their treason would be the part which fear or ambition would force them to take in her condemnation.

But, for the most part, the eyes that met hers were cold and unpitying. This did not disturb her, however; she expected neither grace nor pity from traitors, and knew from the first that her doom was sealed.

The proceedings began with an admonition from the Bishop to the prisoner, in which he urged her to answer truthfully the questions that would be put to her, in order to shorten the trial, and discharge her conscience. He finished by ordering her to take an oath to this effect, with her hand on the holy Gospels. He ceased, and then for the first time, the voice of Jeanne d'Arc was heard in that hostile court.

"I do not know what you wish to question me about;" she answered, "perhaps you may ask me things that I must not tell you." And as they still insisted on her taking the oath, she went on: "In regard to my mother and father, and what I have done in France, I will tell you willingly; but you can ask me other things that I may not tell you.

As for the revelations that have been made to me by God, I have told them to none save Charles, my King, and I will not reveal them to you, even though you should cut off my head, because I have had them through vision and secret counsel, and am forbidden to reveal them."

This point was finally settled by Jeanne swearing on her knees, with her hands on the holy books, to tell what was required, under the reservation that she had made.

The examination then commenced with a series of questions in regard to her Christian name, family name, and surname. She answered that at home they had called her Jeannette, but since her coming into France, she had been called Jeanne. As for her surname, she modestly said, she knew nothing of it.

The Bishop bade her recite her Pater. "Hear my confession," she answered, "and I will recite it willingly."

Required to swear that she would not try to escape, she refused to do so. "If ever I escape, none shall reproach me for having broken or violated my faith," she added.

She complained of the weight and number of her chains, but the Bishop answered: "You have tried several times to escape from prison, and it is in order to prevent this, that it has been ordered to put you in irons."

"It is true," Jeanne answered: "I have sought to escape, and would do so again if I could." And then she added, touchingly, "Is that not the right of every prisoner?"

After this brief examination, the prisoner was remanded to prison, and handed over to the guardianship of Jean Gris, an ecuyer in the service of Henry Sixth, Jean Bernoist, and William Talbot, who with their hands in those of the Bishop, took an oath to guard her faithfully.

The second session of the Court took place the following day, in the Chamber of Ornament, thus called because in it were held the fêtes and formal receptions that took place at the Castle. After another effort on the part of the Court to make Jeanne take an unqualified oath, and an unshaken refusal on her part to do so, Beaupère, professor of theology, took up the questioning, which covered her sojourn at Neufchateau, her Voices, her departure from Domremy, and her meeting with the King, at Chinon. To all of the interrogations, she answered with clearness; if the questions were indiscreet, she said firmly: "Pass on;" or, "That is not in the process."

At the third session, which took place on Saturday, the twenty-fourth, in the presence of sixty-one judges, the argument in regard to the oath was resumed.

"You could ask me many things that I may not tell you, and if you were to force me to reveal what I have sworn to keep secret, I would perjure myself, and that you ought not to wish. I warn you, since you call yourself my judge, you take upon yourself a great responsibility in charging me on this point."

Beaupère then took up the questioning which

turned on her revelations, and the orders given her by the saints.

"What have they said to you?" he asked. "Answer boldly; God will aid thee." Turning suddenly to the Bishop, she added: "You say that you are my judge; be careful what you do; for truly, I am sent by God, and you put yourself in great danger."

After some further questioning, Beaupère asked her: "Do you know whether you are in the grace of God or not?"

The learned assembly no doubt waited with breathless interest to see whether the peasant girl would destroy herself on Scylla or on Charybdis. But in clear, sweet tones came back the meek and reverent answer:

"If I am, may God keep me in it. If I am not, may He put me in it! I would be the most unhappy of all in the world, if I knew that I were not in the grace of God!"

At this answer, the judges were stupefied, and according to the clerk, Boisguillaume, broke on the field.

The fourth interrogatory was again directed by Beaupère to the subject of the Voices. She answered that they were those of Saint Catharine, Saint Margaret, and Saint Michael. "I have leave from Our Lord to tell you that. If you doubt it, send to Poitiers, where I was examined before." The examiner then reverted to her interview with the king, the sword of Fierbois, her standard, and the paintings on it.

In the three sessions of February twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth, the superiority of the Maid showed itself with so much brilliancy, that Beaupère found his work too much for him, and gave it up to become simply an assessor.

At the Rehabilitation, he declared that she was extremely subtle, with the subtlety peculiar to woman.

At the fifth session, replying to questions on the subject of menaces contained in her summons to the English to depart, she said: "Before seven years the English shall meet a greater check than they did at Orleans; they shall lose all France."

"How know you that?"

"I know it well by a revelation that has been made me. It will happen before seven years, and I am grieved that it should be so long. I know it by revelation, as clearly as that you are before me at this moment." Her prophecy was accomplished; in 1436, Paris opened its gates to Charles Seventh.

On the third of March, Cauchon tried to question her in regard to her visions, but she refused to tell anything more in regard to them. He then passed on to the masculine costume, but could extort no reply save her repeated assurance that in assuming it, and retaining it, she was serving and obeying her sovereign Lord.

Her leap from the tower of Beaurevoir was then taken up.

"Did not you say that you would rather die than fall into the hands of the English?"

"I said that I would rather render my soul to God than fall into the hands of the English."

"Were not you so angered at what had happened, as to blaspheme the name of God?"

"I have never blasphemed against God, nor the saints, and I am not accustomed to swear."

Cauchon was so completely routed by the wise responses of the Maid, that he thought it prudent at this point to abandon the public interrogatories, and decided that the remaining ones should take place in presence of two or three assessors only. He took the precaution, however, of forbidding the others to quit Rouen, on any pretext, whatever, without permission, before the conclusion of the trial.

The next day, Sunday, the fourth of March, and for five days following, the prisoner was left in peace, for Cauchon devoted them to conferring with his chosen advisers, on the result of the examinations. They came to the conclusion that several points had not been sufficiently answered, and would bear further examination. This task was delegated to Jean de la Fontaine, master-in-arts, licentiate in Canon Law. Though the ally and chosen confidant of Cauchon, he was a man of far gentler temperament, and, as subsequent events show, not utterly devoid of conscience or of pity. On the tenth of March, he entered her dungeon, accompanied only by two other assessors, and three witnesses, to seek elucidation on the points in question. His kindly manner seems to have had, as Cauchon hoped it would, the effect of making Jeanne less guarded in her replies.

"Your Voices told you at Melun, did they not, that you would be captured?"

"Yes, every day, for several days. And I asked them when I would be captured, that I might die soon, without long suffering in prison. They answered: 'Bear all patiently; it is necessary that these things be.'"

"When you left your parents, did you not believe you were committing a sin?"

"When God commanded, it was necessary to obey," and then, with that sublime spirit of utter obedience to God that reveals the saint, she added: "At his command, I would have left one hundred fathers and mothers, even though I had been a King's daughter."

On the thirteenth of March, the regular interrogatories were resumed in presence of Cauchon, and the Inquisitor, Lemâitre, his associate judge. De la Fontaine remained interrogator. Up to this time, they had made little progress in their work, but a subject was now taken up that promised rich results. It was the sign given by Jeanne to the King. In spite of her solemn refusal to reveal the communications made to her by her Voices, they persisted in harking back to the one subject on which they could possibly hope to draw from her some admissions that might be used to her destruction. Perceiving this, she took refuge in an allegory, and told them that the sign given to the King was a rich gold crown, brought to him by an angel, who told him that he should have the kingdom of France with the aid of God, and the Maid's labor.

By the angel Jeanne indicated herself, and by the gold crown, that which was set upon the King's head at his coronation. During the whole interrogatory on this subject, she mingled the scene at Chinon and that at Rheims, so as to confuse her hearers.

"And why was it that the King was to obtain his crown by thy labor more than that of another?" she was asked.

"Because it pleased God to act thus, through a simple Maid, in order to humble the enemies of France."

The next interrogatory took place in Jeanne's dungeon, when nearly the same ground was gone over.

The questions put to her, deposed the Dominican, Isambard de la Pierre, at the Rehabilitation, were too difficult, captious, and subtle, so much so that even the high ecclesiastics, and well-lettered men who were present would have found it difficult to reply to them. Yet the Maid, alone, and without the slightest human aid, gives to them astonishing responses, clear, decisive, going straight to the point, throwing the light of good sense on captious questions, and touching as with the spear of Ithuriel those clothed in fraud and deceit. There was neither pity nor sympathy for her. When the judges rested, it was out of consideration for themselves, never for the forlorn young prisoner, whose only change from a dark and dreary dungeon, was the court and their wearing interrogatories. Some days, after she had been subjected to these for three

or four hours in the morning, the court held another session in the afternoon. And a session always meant the same mental strain for the prisoner. There were no witnesses to be heard, no pleading by counsel, nothing that would afford her intervals of rest. It was all question and answer, questions often by several at once, so that Jeanne had to beg them to speak one after the other; answers always by one—and that one, a friendless, ignorant, peasant, child whom they were hunting to death.

Other witnesses at her Rehabilitation bore testimony to her simplicity, her good sense, her presence of mind, and her good memory. They questioned her one day about something which she had replied to, eight days before.

"I have already answered that question," she answered. Boisguillaume, the clerk, said it was not so; some of his assistants supported Jeanne's statement. The record of the interrogatory, therefore, in which Jeanne declared she had answered, was read, and it was found that she was right.

It may have been that many present, felt compassion for the friendless prisoner, but it was useless to express it, or even to demand justice for her. When a certain question was put to Jeanne, one of the assessors, Jean de Châtillon, declared that the accused was not obliged to respond to it. Great excitement followed this bold remark, but Châtillon was not to be browbeaten. "I must satisfy my conscience," he resolutely declared. After the session was over, he received word that he need not appear in Court till he was sent for. Sometimes,

however, her hearers could not repress their involuntary admiration of the precision and nicety of her replies, and there would be cries of "Well answered, Jeanne!" from the judges, and a murmur of admiration from the English who were present.

An over zealous judge, Jacques de la Touraine, anxiously inquired if she had been in any place where the English were killed.

"In the name of God," replied the Warrior Maid, "but you speak gently! Why do not the English depart from France, and go to their own country?" An English lord, who was present, could not restrain his admiration at this reply. "Truly, a brave woman," he cried: "Why is she not English?"

Even across the centuries, the responses of the Maid of France come to us with a living force. What effect then, must they have had upon the hostile English, and renegade French, who heard them uttered in her clear ringing tones! The public sessions of the court seem, at this time, to have become displeasing to Cauchon, probably because the prisoner was proving too strong for the assembly, and exciting popular sympathy. The next interrogatories took place in Jeanne's dungeon.

During her imprisonment, her visions had not ceased: almost every day the celestial radiance had illumined the dreary dungeon, and her Voices had spoken with her and consoled her. They had told her of her martyrdom, but seem to have concealed its nature from her, for she told de la Fontaine at

the next interrogatory, that she was "to be delivered by a great victory. My Voices tell me," she continued, "to bear all patiently, and not to grieve at my martyrdom, because I shall come, finally, into the kingdom of Paradise. They have told me that simply and absolutely, and without fail. What I understand as my martyrdom, is the pain and adversity that I suffer in prison; I know not if I shall have more to suffer, but in regard to that, I submit myself to God."

In the afternoon of the same day, de la Fontaine, after repeating to her that she had attacked Paris on a feast-day, that she had sprung from the tower of Beaurevoir, that she had worn man's attire, and that she had consented to the death of Franquet d'Arras, asked her if she did not think that she had committed mortal sin in doing these things.

"As for the attack on Paris," she answered, "I do not believe that in making it, I committed a mortal sin, but if I did, it is for God to know it, and the priest in confession. As for my leap from the tower of Beaurevoir, I did not do it in despair, but in the hope of saving myself, and going to the succor of those in peril. After my fall, I confessed, and asked pardon of God for doing it. He has pardoned me. I know I did wrong; but Saint Catharine has told me that He has pardoned me."

"Did you do penance?"

"I did; my penance came in great part from the injury I did myself in falling. You ask me, if I believe I committed mortal sin in leaping? I do not know, but I submit the matter

to God. As for my masculine dress, since I wear it at the command of God, I believe it is right; as soon as He gives me leave, I will change it."

More and more clearly they saw that the only possible subject on which they might extort anything from her that would give a shadow of justification to their condemnation of her, was that of her Voices. They therefore approached it in a new way, and opened up a long argument which used up the sessions for many weary days.

On March fifteenth, de la Fontaine began by asking her whether, if she had sinned in anything against the Faith, she would submit to the judgment of the Church.

"Let my answers be seen and read by clerks (ecclesiastics of the French party in France, whom she wished to have associated with those of the English-Burgundian party in judging her cause) and let them tell me if there is anything in them against the Christian Faith, which Our Lord has commanded. If there is, I will not maintain it, and I will grieve to have said it." She added, "My acts and words are in the hands of God; I submit in all things to Him. I declare to you that I would say or do nothing against the Christian faith; if it can be shown that I have said or done anything against it, I will not maintain it."

"What could be more Catholic than this?" asks Cybole, one of the wisest and most learned theologians of the fifteenth century.

It must be remembered that Jeanne was an illiterate peasant girl. The word church conveyed no

meaning to her save that of the material edifice, and when her false judges pretended to enlighten her on the subject, they only confused her. They spoke to her of the Church Militant, and the Church Triumphant, representing the former to her as a society composed of the Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, and the faithful, but omitting to tell her that Jesus Christ is always present in the Church, and that it is infallible and indefectible. She understood that her judges, men blinded by political passion, and headed by a man who had already broken many human laws in order to obtain possession of her, and whose hatred of her had been manifest in many ways, represented the Church, and that to their decision she must submit acts and words, commanded expressly by God, and which she therefore knew could not be wrong, but which on account of the political consequences involved, she knew they would decide to be wrong.

The question as to whether she would submit her words and her acts to the judgment of the Church was a very delicate and difficult one in the present case, says Brehal, the grand Inquisitor, involving as it did, the subject of her Visions, her revelations, and her prophecies. These related to the political government, the relief of the Kingdom of France, and the expulsion of its enemies. If her judges had been impartial ones, acting in good faith, they would never have opened up this question, for they well knew that Jeanne's revelations, having nothing in them contrary to Faith, were among those things in regard to which the Church suspends her judg-

ment, awaiting God's clearer approval or condemnation of them.

The Maid's supernatural revelations were thus beyond the domain of Faith, of that order of truths which are related to the Faith, only in an indirect manner, through the piety and devotion of the faithful, such as certain traditions and legends; the authenticity of certain relics; and legitimate subjects of controversy among theologians. Of these we say: "*Who does not believe, is not damned.*" Each one is entitled to believe on these subjects, whatever seems most reasonable to him. Jeanne therefore would have committed no sin against faith even if she had refused to submit to the Church in the matter of her supernatural communications. Neither Faith, the Church, nor Holy Scripture, obliges us to believe that revelations of the kind that she claimed to have received, proceed from evil spirits.

Moreover, she claimed divine inspiration as a warrant for those words and acts, in regard to which, she was urged to submit to the Church. By this particular law of divine inspiration, she was exempted from the common law. Guided, therefore, no doubt, by a divine inspiration, she refused to submit to these misguided men who endeavored to delude her into believing that they represented the Church, but with true Catholic instinct, declared again and again, that she referred all her deeds and words to the Pope. The rationalist school has endeavored to represent the holy Maid as the forerunner of Luther, in defying the Church, and proclaiming in-

dependence of thought. Sympathetic Protestant writers, too, love to represent her as a sincere Christian, but not a sound churchwoman. To Catholics, the respect which Jeanne always showed for the authority of the Church, by her love and reverence for its rites, its sacraments, and its priests, is the best proof of the falsity of these assertions. They understand that in refusing to submit her revelations from on high to this hostile assembly, with whom condemnation of them was a foregone conclusion, she was only exercising her rights. It is more than probable that the two Dominican monks, Isambard de la Pierre, and Martin Ladvenu, though too timid to withstand Cauchon, as the brave Canon Houppeville had done, in behalf of the prisoner, instructed her during the visits which some pretext or another enabled them to make to her, as to her rights on this point, and urged her to appeal to the Holy Father, as a means of saving her life.

The advice of the two monks was only what the true Catholic instinct of the Maid had prompted her to do. Tormented for many days on this subject, harassed, and worn out as she was, nothing could wring from her any other reply than that which Brehal, the Inquisitor, charged with the examination of the Maid's case in 1452, by Charles Seventh, pronounces to be a complete and explicit submission: "I refer all my words and acts to the Holy Father." His decision was endorsed by the ablest theologians in France who after carefully reviewing the trial at Rouen, pronounced Jeanne d'Arc a true Catholic.

At the fourteenth interrogatory, which took place, like the last seven, in her dungeon, Jeanne repeated the prophetic words: "The French will soon gain a great victory, and God will do a work so great that nearly all the Kingdom of France will be freed. I say it, in order that when it happens, you may remember that I said it."

"When will it happen?"

"That remains with God."

"Will you submit to the decision of the Church?"

"I submit myself to God who has sent me, and to the saints in Paradise. It seems to me it is all one, God and the Church, and that one ought not to make any difficulty about it. Why, then, do you make any difficulty?"

She was asked if she would give up her masculine attire, and she refused. Then, as if she realized the fate her constancy and resolution were preparing for her, she suddenly prayed that the Lords of the Church would vouchsafe her this one grace—that if she was to be led out to judgment, she be given a woman's robe, and a hood wherewith to clothe herself.

"Why do you ask for a woman's robe to go to death in?" asked her questioner.

But Jeanne no longer saw nor heard him: a vision of a narrow street, bordered with tall gabled houses, and filled with a curious, shouting, throng had risen before her, and when she spoke, it was in answer to her own thought: "It will satisfy me if it be long."

"Do St. Catharine and St. Margaret hate the English?" asked de la Fontaine.

"They love what God loves, and hate what God hates."

"Does God hate the English?"

"Whether God loves or hates the English, I do not know; but I do know that all of them shall be driven from France, except those who die there, and that God will give victory to the French against the English."

"Was God for the English, when they were prosperous in France?"

"I do not know whether God hated the French or not, but I know that He wished to punish them for their sins, if they were in sin."

The same day, in the afternoon, the fifteenth and last interrogatory of the Process took place in the same place as the preceding ones, and by the same commissioner. In the presence of the two judges, and six assessors, Jeanne was examined in regard to the two angels painted on her standard: and on the words, "JHESUS, MARIA," which it bore. Then she was asked: "You have declared to Monseigneur, the Bishop of Beauvais, that you would reply to him and his commissioners as you would to Our Holy Father, the Pope. Now, there are many questions to which you will not answer. Would you answer them more fully before the Pope?"

"I have told all truthfully, that I know, and if I recall anything that I have not told, I will tell it willingly."

"Does it not seem to you that you would feel bound to answer the Holy Father more fully touching the faith, and the facts of your conscience, than you have us?"

"Let them take me to him, and I will answer him all that I ought to answer him."

De la Fontaine, who did not expect such a response, abruptly changed the subject.

"Why was your standard admitted to the cathedral of Rheims, during the coronation, any more than that of the other captains?"

Swiftly came what Monseigneur Ricard has finely described "as the sublime reply, enduring in the history of immortal utterances, like the cry of a French and Christian soul, wounded unto death in its patriotism and its faith: "It had borne the trouble; it was but right that it should have the honor."

CHAPTER IV.

RE-EXAMINATION.

"Again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him."

LENT was drawing to a close; the long trial had been dragging on for several weeks, and the English were growing impatient. An army which the Cardinal of Winchester had brought over, could not be made to stir from the coast in their terror of the Maid. The spectacle of these hundreds of strong men cowering in fear of a young girl, chained within the depths of a mighty fortress, would be ludicrous, if it were not for the fierce passions that it made work more actively to her destruction.

Cauchon had hoped to win over to his side some of the great Norman jurists, but when he sought the opinion of one of the most renowned among them, Master Jean Lohier, the result was far from reassuring. Lohier bluntly told him that the trial was worth nothing; that it was not in right form; that the assessors were not free; that it was conducted behind closed doors; and that the accused was not able to cope with such questions, and such subtle intellects. "It is the honor of the prince whose cause

this young girl upholds, that is on trial," continued the resolute Norman, "he ought to be summoned hither and given a defender." After delivering his soul thus, Lohier departed for Rome. Perhaps he was contemplating the journey when he told the truth to the all-powerful Bishop. The latter's chosen ally and confidant, de la Fontaine, also deserted him. De la Fontaine seems to have been gradually awakening to the iniquity of the work required of him, until his conscience forbade him to take any further part in it. He visited the prisoner, instructed her as to her rights as a Catholic, and counselled her to appeal to the Holy Father. This visit, duly reported to Cauchon, occasioned a stormy scene between him and de la Fontaine, after which the latter disappears from Rouen, and is heard of no more.

On the eighteenth of March, Passion Sunday, Cauchon convened a meeting of the assessors at his house, in order to read to them various assertions which had been extracted from Jeanne's answers. Seventy articles of accusation based on these, were drawn up against her, copies of which were furnished to the assessors, in order that they might examine them, and aid the Bishop with their advice in regard to them.

On the twenty-third of March, the clerk, Manchon, entered Jeanne's dungeon and read the report of the trial to her in French. After he had finished, she said: "I know that I have said what is written in this record, and as it has been read to me; I do not contradict it in any point."

The next day was Palm Sunday, that great and touching festival, through whose brief joy and triumph the Christian world enters into the darkness and humiliation of Holy Week, that leads to the blessedness of Easter. To the lonely prisoner, it must have been a day of exquisite suffering, which had only one alleviation—the thought that her captors might relent in their cruelty sufficiently to permit her to hear Mass and receive the sacraments at Easter-tide. This hope was a brief one. On Monday, Cauchon, attended by four assessors, paid her a visit. The prisoner's heart beat high as she heard the Bishop open up the subject dearest to her heart, only to fall again when she heard the condition that was attached to her hearing Mass, and receiving the sacraments. It was that she would do so in woman's dress.

The disappointment, coming so swiftly after hope, was so terrible, that she burst into passionate plaint and entreaty: "I cannot change my dress;" she cried, "must I then be deprived of communion? I beseech you, Monseigneurs, let me hear Mass in this dress; it does not change my soul, and it is not contrary to the laws of the Church!" But she might as well have pleaded to the stones of her dungeon. Cauchon remained inexorable, and even to obtain the Bread of Life, for which her soul was fainting, Jeanne could not bring herself to explain more fully her reasons for refusing. "A delicacy," says Monseigneur Perraud, "that is the most exquisite flower of a virtue dearer to the Maid, than life, kept her from telling that she clung to her mas-

culine attire, as her sole defence against the wickedness of her jailers."

On Tuesday, the doors of her dungeon opened, but it was only to permit her to be led to the great hall of the Castle, to hear the articles, founded on her answers, read to her. She found more than forty of her judges assembled. The proceedings began with a speech from the Bishop, in which he represented to her that the judges were all churchmen, learned in both divine and human law, and benign and merciful of spirit, with no wish to punish, but rather to lead and instruct her in the right way. After the Bishop had finished, the Promoter, d'Estivet, rose and swore that he had been actuated by no evil motives, but had acted only through zeal for the faith. The Bishop then urged Jeanne to choose one or more from among them to help her.

This tardy offer of help and counsel was refused by Jeanne in the following words: "In the first place, concerning my good and our faith, I thank you and all the company. As for the counsellor you offer me, I thank you also, but I have no need to depart from Our Lord as my counsellor."

Thomas de Courcelles then began to read to her in the French language, the seventy articles. This formality occupied three sessions. Compelled to answer anew to accusations that she had answered so completely already, she contented herself with saying: "I appeal to what I have already answered; the rest I deny." Sometimes she says, "I deny it absolutely."

It was not necessary to go far in order to prove

the falsity of this court's accusations, for to each of the seventy propositions, it had appended extracts from the answers on which they are based. These extracts are the refutation of the article.

The second article, accusing her of sacrilege, superstitious acts, and divinations, she denied, and in respect to the charge that she had allowed herself to be adored, said "that if any one kissed her hands or her garments, it was not by her will, and that she kept herself from it as much as she could," and the rest of the article, she denies.

Even the folk-lore of Domremy, and the legends of the fairies that peopled the oak-wood, were used as the base of a charge against her. She answered it with some indignation, declaring that "as for fairies, she did not know what they were, and as for her education she had been well and duly instructed, what to believe, as a good child should."

When the Bishop asked her in what words she called upon the Voices, she responded with the following beautiful and touching prayer:

"Gentle God, in honor of thy Sacred Passion, I implore of Thee, by Thy love for me, to reveal to me how I should answer these Churchmen."

She asked for time in order to answer the articles relative to submission to the Church. Isambard de la Pierre, taking advantage, no doubt, of some propitious moment when Cauchon's attention was distracted from the prisoner, whispered to Jeanne to appeal to the Council of Bâle, then assembled. She asked in the same tone, what the Council of Bâle was, and he explained to her that it was an

assembly in which there would be found many ecclesiastics of her own party. Cauchon would appear to have caught the latter part of the friar's explanation, for he sternly ordered him to be silent. Jeanne appealed to the Council of Bâle, but Cauchon paid no heed, and when the scribe Manchon asked if her appeal should be recorded, he answered: "It is not necessary." "Ah," said the Maid plaintively; "you set down what is against me, but you do not set down what is for me."

A murmur ran through the assembly when it was found that the prisoner's appeal to a general council was not to be recorded.

Brother Isambard had like to pay dearly for the counsel he had given Jeanne. The Bishop was furious with him, and the Earl of Warwick abused him and threatened to have him thrown into the Seine.

But the Inquisitor Lemâitre sternly warned both of them that if any harm came to either Brother Isambard, or Brother Martin, the other Dominican friar who had already fallen under Cauchon's displeasure for advising Jeanne to appeal to the Holy Father, he would withdraw from the case. As he was taking part in it very much against his will, Cauchon and Warwick realized that this was no idle threat, and restrained their wrath accordingly.

Although it was Holy Week, when Cauchon, acting as Archbishop of the vacant See of Rouen, might well have urged his ecclesiastical duties as a

reason for letting the case rest, he devoted three days during it to the re-examination of the prisoner.

On Good Friday, "the day of the great silence," she was left in peace, but on Easter Eve, the Bishop and nine assessors entered her cell and asked her if she would submit to the judgment of the Church Militant, all that she had said and done. She answered that she would, provided that it did not enforce anything impossible; explaining that by impossible, she meant being required to declare that her Visions and revelations came from any source but God, or that what she had done, was not on the part of God. Asked if she had directions from her Voices not to obey the Church, she answered that she had never been told not to obey the Church, but *Our Lord must be served first.*

Then they went away, leaving her to pass the great feast of Easter, without the least religious consolation. But they could not keep all tokens of the Easter-tide from her. She had always had a strange fondness for the sound of the church bells, and now, when the five hundred bells of Rouen sent their joyous peals through the soft spring air into the dreary dungeon, they sent with them some of the peace and joy of the Resurrection. She was still treading in the footsteps of Gethsemane, but she knew not how close she was to her Calvary, nor to the endless joy of an eternal Easter.

After Cauchon's visit on Easter Eve, the prisoner was left in peace for a considerable time. The Bishop and his chosen assistants were busy, reducing the seventy articles to twelve, in order to furnish a

summary of the case to the University of Paris, for its judgment.

In the meantime, Jeanne fell ill. It was only the natural consequence of her long confinement in a dark dungeon, and the prolonged mental strain to which she had been subjected, but she seems to have connected its first symptoms with her eating of a carp which Cauchon had sent her for Easter. D'Estivet, who was present when she stated this to be the case, flew to the conclusion that she was insinuating that the Bishop had poisoned her, and abused her violently, declaring that she had made herself sick by "eating aloes and other evil things." He omitted to mention how a chained and strongly guarded prisoner had obtained the aloes and other evil things.

D'Estivet need not have been so warm in his patron's defence, because no one dreamed of accusing Cauchon of wishing to poison Jeanne. It was not thus his masters wished her to die, and he, accordingly, was very much concerned about her fate. Warwick sent the best physicians of Rouen to her bedside, and she received every attention, though we do not learn that the terribe chains were removed, or that any woman was allowed to attend her. The manners of the times may be conceived from the words that Warwick, a belted earl, uttered in her hearing, bidding the physicians do their best to save her: "because it would displease the King very much if she were to die a natural death, seeing that he had bought her at a high price, and that it was necessary, for justice's sake, that she be burned."

D'Estivet's abuse had a bad effect on the sick girl, the fever increased to such a degree, that the remedy usual in those days in such cases, was proposed—to bleed her. We do not learn whether this was done, or not, but the fever seems to have subsided from some cause, leaving her worn and wasted, and so weak that she seems to have thought that death was near. On the eighteenth of April, the Bishop entered her cell to inquire after her health, and make her a charitable visit. He assured her that he and the other assessors were ready to do anything for the salvation of her soul and body, by instructing or advising her.

She answered, "It seems to me, that I am in danger of death; and if it is thus that God pleases to decide for me, I ask of you to allow me to confess and receive my Saviour, and to be laid in consecrated ground."

"If you desire to have the rites and sacraments of the Church," answered Cauchon, "you must do as good Catholics ought to do; submit to Holy Church."

She answered, "I can say no other thing to you than I have said."

They asked her if she believed that the Holy Scripture was revealed by God, and she answered: "You know that I do, and it is good to know."

Even in her weakness and languor, she was not suffered to escape without the usual long exhortation, this time by Nicholas Midi. At its close, she was questioned again in regard to her submission, but she answered, "Whatever may happen

to me, I will neither do nor say anything else, for I have answered before, during the trial."

Whether the doctors interceded for her or not, does not appear, but she was left at peace during the next fortnight. In the grateful silence, the heavenly Voices sounded. But among the angelic forms, St. Michael, the great Archangel of battle, was seen no more; his place was taken by Gabriel, the angel of grace and divine love. She slowly regained her strength, and by the second of May, the judges deemed her sufficiently recovered to hear a "public admonition," and she was accordingly led from her dungeon to the great hall of the Castle, where sixty of them were assembled. The way thither led past the chapel, whose door seems this day, to have been open. The sight of the lighted, sanctuary lamp, no doubt, told Jeanne of the Presence within, of the only Friend she had in this pitiless world, filling her with intense joy. She knelt in prayer for some time, no doubt as long as Massieu, the officer of the Court, dared to allow her to remain. One of the guards must have told Cauchon of the incident, for he reprimanded Massieu severely for permitting the prisoner this indulgence.

The ground that had been gone over so often before, was again covered, without any other result than on previous occasions. When she had answered to the question of submission to the Church, that she appealed to the Pope and a general council, Cauchon replied that the Pope was too far away to appeal to, and that she must accept the court's decision without recourse.

The indomitable spirit of the Maid was a surprise to all her judges. It rose above illness, confinement and barbarous treatment, as did her mind above the theological snares that were spread for it. There was only one thing that had not been used, that hideous means of persuasion with which every prison of the Middle Ages was provided. When her dungeon doors opened again, on the ninth of May, she was conducted, not to the great hall of the castle, but through dim and echoing stone passages, to a chamber in the great tower, where she was confronted with the terrible instruments of torture, and the waiting executioners.

The Maid surveyed them calmly, then turning to those of the judges who were present, said to them: "Truly, if you were to tear me limb from limb, and force the soul out of my body, I would say nothing but what I have said, and if I did, I would say afterwards that it was the torture had made me utter it."

She was conducted back to her cell. On the following Saturday, the twelfth of May, the Bishop called a meeting at his house, of the Vice-Inquisitor, twelve assessors, and an English ecclesiastic, named Haiton, to discuss the advisability of subjecting Jeanne to torture. To the credit of humanity be it said, only three were found to vote for it —Loyseleur, Morel, and de Courcelles. We distinguish Morel from the crowd of assessors only at this sinister moment; Loyseleur was only doing what might be expected from one of his character; but Courcelles was a man distinguished for his intellec-

tual ability, and for his gentle, modest, and grave demeanor. A sympathetic biographer of Jeanne d'Arc, while execrating his approval of the torture, gives him credit for his austere life and his devotion to the Church. If she had consulted some good Catholic authority on the subject of Courcelles' devotion to the Church, she would have found that the Church has little to thank him for. He was the "father of the Gallican liberties," the principal framer of the decrees of the schismatic Council of Bâle, and the tenacious defender of the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges. Pere d'Ayrolles terms him "one of the great precursors of Luther and Calvin." He had been rector of the University during the period directly after Jeanne's capture, when it pursued her with so much bitterness; he was Cauchon's right hand during the trial; and crowned his labors by voting for the torture to be applied to the prisoner, although he knew that Canon Law forbade its being applied to women.

When summoned to testify at his holy victim's Rehabilitation, his embarrassment was pitiable. His answers were marked by reticence, hesitations, and omissions; every utterance was carefully calculated to give an impression of the slightness of the part he had taken in the trial. In his later years he became dean of the Chapter of Paris, and heightened his reputation for humility by refusing a cardinal's hat from his creature, the anti-pope Felix V. He passed away at a good old age, and rests under an epitaph that records his great learning. He belonged to a class well described by Pius IX, when

he said: "It is impossible to imagine anything more dangerous, or more pernicious, than that class of men, who, affecting exteriorly the appearances of honesty and piety, secretly divide and break Catholic forces, increase the audacity of the enemy, and excite more violent anger against the true children of the Church.

Ten days later, the verdict of the University of Paris arrived. All the members of the Court assembled in the Chapel of the Archbishop's house, to hear the great document read, and also the individual opinions of many eminent doctors and ecclesiastics. The decision of the University was of great length, for after setting forth its solemn consideration of every one of the twelve articles, it gave its verdict upon each. The Maid's revelations were pronounced: "murderous, seductive, and pernicious fictions:" her visions declared to be "those of Belial, Satan, and Behemoth." Blasphemy, superstition, idolatry, cruelty, impiety, lying, presumption, were among her faults: she was a schismatic, a heretic, an apostate, an idolater, and an invoker of demons. There really seemed to be scarcely any kind of fault that Jeanne was free from. It concluded by declaring that "if the aforesaid woman, after being charitably exhorted and admonished by competent judges, does not return spontaneously to the Catholic faith, publicly abjure her errors, and give full satisfaction to her judges, she is hereby given up to the secular arm to receive the reward of her deeds." Every faculty, and all the "Nations" had subscribed to the verdict—it was all perfectly

regular and in due form—signed and sealed and attested by the ecclesiastical notaries. It was accompanied by a request to the King of England, supplicating him "to deal promptly with this woman who has so greatly scandalized the people, since the length of the delay is very perilous."

After the decision of the University, the opinions of the individual doctors who had been consulted, were read. All of these were by no means in accord with that of the University. Some requested that the whole Report of the trial be sent to the University instead of the twelve articles. Others insert a reservation: "Unless these revelations come from God." The opinion of the Bishop of Avranches was suppressed altogether, for the reason, as we learn from a sworn deposition, that his opinion was, that "in doubtful matters concerning the Faith, one should, according to St. Thomas, have recourse to the Pope or a general council."

After the reading, every one present was asked for his opinion. The decisive moment had at length come, and every man present knew what was expected of him. England, the power that had brought them there, had decided it to be expedient that the prisoner should die, and the great University had done its best to bring this to pass. All that remained for them to do, therefore, was to endorse its decision. A note of compassion is heard here and there, as from Brother Isambard who desired that she should be charitably admonished once more, and that her fate still remain in the hands of "us her judges," but almost all condemned her. It was finally

decided that a day should be appointed so the Maid might have an opportunity of retracting, failing which, she should be delivered to secular justice.

On the twenty-third of May, the verdict was announced to Jeanne, and a last admonition addressed to her by Pierre Morice. She answered by declaring that if she saw the pile prepared, and the executioner ready to light it, she would say what she had said, and maintain it till death. On the margin of the record, the scribe has written opposite this reply of the pale, and wasted, but undaunted prisoner, "*Responsio Johannæ superba*,"—the proud answer of Jeanne. "And immediately," the record goes on, "the Promoter and she refusing to say any more, the Cause was concluded."

The following day, the doors of Jeanne's dungeon opened again, and Massieu led her out: not this time, in the direction of the great hall of the castle, but to the entrance of the great fortress, whose threshold her feet had pressed but once—the day she crossed it to begin her martyrdom within it.

She was conducted to the cemetery of Saint Ouen, then a great open space behind the beautiful and stately monastic church of that name, where her judges and a vast concourse of people were awaiting her.

The English garrison was under arms, drawn up around two scaffolds, on one of which was the Cardinal of Winchester, with his suite, and Jeanne's judges. Massieu conducted Jeanne to the other.

Erard was the preacher of the occasion. He began by pointing out to Jeanne the executioner, and

warning her that she would be burned if she did not abjure; then he proceeded with his sermon. During the course of it, he cried: "O France, thou art much abused. Thou hast always been a most Christian land, but now Charles, who calls himself thy King and governor, adheres like a schismatic and heretic (as he is) to the words and the deeds of a foolish woman, full of dishonor; and not only he, but the clergy of his obedience and domain, by whom she has been examined, and not discredited, as she says." Then turning towards Jeanne, he said, "It is to thee, Jeanne, that I speak, and I say to thee that thy King is heretic and schismatic."

Jeanne had endured all his insults in silence, but she could not bear to have him who represented the Kingship and the France which she loved so well, traduced, and she answered: "By my faith, sire, with all reverence, I maintain and will swear, under pain of my life, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and loves the Church and the faith right well."

Irritated by this unexpected interruption, Erard said to Massieu, "Make her be silent," and went on with his sermon. After he had finished, Jeanne was asked whether she would submit her words and deeds to the Church or not.

"I will give you an answer," she said: "As regards submission to the Church, I have already replied to you on that point. As to all the things which I have said and done, let them be sent to Rome, to our Holy Father, the Pope, to whom and to God, in the first place, I appeal. As to my

words and my acts, I have said and done them as from God." In vain the question was twisted and turned; her answer was the same.

Cauchon then began to read the sentence. The people, who had pressed about the scaffold to gaze at the prisoner, implored her to save herself: Massieu, and many other of the assessors joined in the entreaty. Cauchon stopped reading, perhaps to give his assistants time to prevail ; perhaps in response to some sign or motion on Jeanne's part which gave him hope that he might yet obtain the coveted abjuration which he insisted was worth more to the English than the Maid's death. The English did not agree with him on this point, and were furious at having the long deferred condemnation interrupted. The chaplain of the Cardinal, and other members of his suite, accused Cauchon of being partial to the prisoner. The Bishop indignantly (and most truthfully) denied this charge. Hot words followed, during which the names of liars and traitor were flung to and fro.

While this dispute was going on, Erard was following up the advantage which Jeanne's hesitation had given him, with all his power. He showed her the waiting cart and executioner; and depicted with all the eloquence for which he was famous, the horrors of the death awaiting her if she persisted in her obstinacy, and the little she was asked to do in order to save herself from it. At length she asked what it was they wished her to sign, and a paper of five or six lines was read to her which restricted itself to the minor points of her hair, dress, etc.

She asked if she would be transferred to a prison of the church, and some one assured her that she would. As she had agreed to resume feminine dress if she were placed under the protection of the Church, she concluded that she was justified in agreeing to the conditions imposed, and said "I will sign." The paper which they had read to her began, "I Jeanne." But as soon as she had agreed to sign, Calot, secretary to the King of England, drew from his sleeve a paper, and she made a round at the bottom of it, and Calot appears to have directed her hand to trace a cross.

Now the text of her pretended abjuration is a paper of fifty lines of printed matter, and begins with the words: "Every person," so we must conclude that Calot fraudulently substituted the paper beginning: "Every person," and which is a denial of her divine mission, for the short paper, beginning, "I, Jeanne," which she agreed to sign, or that she actually signed the right one, and that for this was afterwards substituted the paper beginning "Every person," with Jeanne's mark forged at the foot of it. But even, if for the sake of argument, it be conceded that she signed the abjuration, it avails nothing, for the Sentence of Rehabilitation characterized it as "false, lying, extorted by force and fear, in presence of the executioner," and under the threat of fire, without Jeanne's having had previous knowledge of it, and without her having understood it. In no sense was the truth of her mission invalidated.

The delight of the University party at obtaining the coveted abjuration that would enable them to

discredit the King of France by proclaiming that he had trusted in an impostor, was equalled only by the rage of the English who saw as they fancied, their prey escaping from them by means of it. There was, however, only one thing that Winchester could say, when Cauchon turned to him and announced that the prisoner had abjured her errors, and he said it: "Admit her to penitence." Cauchon then read the sentence. She was doomed to perpetual, solitary, imprisonment, "with the bread of suffering, and the water of anguish" as her only nourishment. Her first emotion seems to have been one of relief, for she expected that now she would be conveyed to some prison of the Church, away from the hideous dungeon, the horrible guards and the terrible irons. There was hesitation on the part of the officials, and Jeanne cried out: "Men of the Church, lead me to your prison!" Pierre Miger, a friar, hurried over to Cauchon to ask if this might be done. But Cauchon ordered her to be taken whence she had come! She was accordingly conducted back to her old prison.

All during her trial, she had suffered much both in body and mind. Even in the midst of strenuous action, we have seen how her gentle, affectionate, nature was smitten again and again with a keen longing for the old home life with its simple joys and duties. And on the day when, after long months of a dungeon, she had felt the soft May breeze blowing against her pallid cheeks, and seen the land in all the tender bloom of Spring, must not the longing for the green valley

of the Meuse, and the oak-wood of the Vosges, where even then, perhaps, the children were gathering garlands for Our Lady's shrine, have made her almost sick with its intensity? She was only nineteen, and life and freedom seemed so good and sweet to her, that we can not wonder that she interpreted the supernatural assurance that she would be delivered by a great victory, as meaning that she would be delivered from prison.

That very afternoon, the Vicar Inquisitor, accompanied by several of the assessors, visited her. The Inquisitor, who seems to have always treated her with gentleness, seems to have really rejoiced at her escape. He congratulated her, and urged her to remain firm, gently warning her that if she fell back into her evil ways, there would be no further clemency for her. One wonders that a man so kindly disposed towards her did not exert his influence as Inquisitor, to remove the Maid from the custody of the low wretches that formed her guard, and indeed, he and several other Doctors seem to have made some effort to obtain this, but the English would not give up their prey. Woman's clothing was then given her, and she was solemnly commanded to wear it thenceforth. She meekly replied that in all things she would obey the Church. Then the visitors departed, leaving the heart-broken Maid to the horrors of her dungeon.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARTYRDOM.

"But souls that of His own good life partake
He loves as His own self; dear as His eye,
They are to him; He'll never them forsake.
When they die, then God himself shall die:
They live, they live in blest eternity."

FOR three days, all was quiet. The English, trusting in Cauchon's assurance that all would be well, waited for him to set his trap. They had not long to wait. On Sunday morning, the feast of the Trinity, according to Massieu's testimony at the Rehabilitation, the prisoner said to her guards: "Unchain me; I wish to rise." She then found that the woman's dress, which she had worn for the previous three days, had been removed, and masculine attire put in its place. She remonstrated with her jailers, saying: "Sirs, you know this is forbidden me. Without blame, I may not put it on." But they paid no heed to her entreaties, and she was at length obliged to put it on. Another witness, Isambard de la Pierre, says that she excused herself for having resumed the masculine attire on the ground that it afforded her protection. Martin Ladvenu, her confessor, declares that it was the dread of outrage by a certain English nobleman which impelled her to resume her masculine attire.

The official record is silent in regard to the causes of her action. According to it, she declared: "Yes, I have put on again my masculine dress; I have done it of my own will, and without any constraint. Being with men, it is more proper that I dress like a man than like a woman. I have taken it again because they have not done to me as they promised. I would rather die than be treated so."

Do not these different versions, under their seeming contradiction, complement one another? Is not her recorded utterance the plaint of a pure woman, whose exquisite refinement will not permit her to speak any more plainly to those who, knowing her danger, refused to give her the protection of an ecclesiastical prison, as they had promised?

The news of Jeanne's relapse was at once communicated to Warwick, and by him to the Bishop. Early the following morning, Cauchon made his appearance in Jeanne's cell, followed by eight assessors and two clerks. Jeanne knew that their visit meant death; but confronted them, no longer the bewildered, terrified girl of the cemetery of Saint Ouen, but the Jeanne d'Arc of old, calm and intrepid. In reply to Cauchon's question as to what the Voices had said to her since the Thursday before, she answered: "God tells thee, through us, the great pity He has for this great treason to which thou hast consented; to make abjuration and revocation, to save thy life! Before last Thursday, my Voices told me what I must do and say on that day. When I was on the scaffold, my Voices said to me while the

preacher was speaking: 'Answer this preacher boldly.' Indeed he is a false preacher, for he reproached me with many things that I have never done." Then, rising to the full grandeur and sublimity of her vocation as a prophetess, and the chosen messenger of God, she solemnly declared: "If I were to say that God had not sent me I would be damned, for verily, He hath sent me!"

When it was represented to her that she had denied this on Thursday, she answered: "All that I said and revoked, I did through fear of the fire. I did not understand what the schedule of abjuration contained. I revoke nothing of what I have said and done by the good pleasure of God."

These words crowned the edifice which her enemies had been at so much trouble and expense in rearing. As Cauchon hastened through the gloomy corridors of the old fortress, he could not conceal his joy, and encountering the Earl of Warwick and some gentlemen, said as he passed them: "Farewell! Farewell! Be of good cheer! All is settled!"

The Court at once re-assembled, and the result of its deliberations was that Jeanne had relapsed, that she should have her fault explained to her, and then be handed over to secular justice begging of it to treat her with tenderness. The judges thanked the assessors, and cited the Maid to appear before them the following morning at eight o'clock in the old Market-Place, "to hear herself declared relapsed, heretic, and excommunicate, and be dealt with according to the custom in such cases."

The following morning, Martin Ladvenu appeared in Jeanne's dungeon, and told her that he had been sent to announce to her, her approaching death, and the kind of punishment she was to suffer, in order to induce a true contrition and penitence, and also to hear her confession.

Straitened as she was on every side, the only hope for her, she well knew, was death. Accustomed as she was to the sights and scenes of war, the stroke of the axe, or of the sword, had little terror for her; to have obtained her release by either, would have seemed almost like dying on the field of battle. But the prospect of the lingering torments of death by fire, the knowledge that she would be divested of her garments under the eyes of the populace, before being handed over to the arm of secular justice, to be clothed in the hideous gown of the condemned, overcame her. The heroic patience and silence with which she had hitherto borne her unspeakable sufferings, gave way, and humanity asserted itself in a passionate cry of anguish, and an appeal to God against the cruel wrongs that had been done to her. Some writers aver that in this hour of supreme desolation, she declared that her Voices had deceived her, in that they had promised to deliver her from prison, and that she renounced all belief in them. But this is going even further than her enemies, for as Pere d'Ayroles points out, in their records, which furnish the only warrant for the assertion, all that is said is, that Jeanne left it to the Church to decide the character of her revelations. Inserted as this declaration is in the Process, with-

out even a signature, long after the case had been closed and sentence rendered, it is not entitled to the slightest belief.* Against it too, must be set the solemn deposition, at her Rehabilitation, of Brother Martin, a poor friar who had nothing to gain or lose in this world, "that always, until the end of her life, she maintained and declared that the Voices she had heard were of God, and did not believe that the said Voices had ever deceived her." But even if it were true, should the momentary faltering of a girl, bewildered by the long mental strain of her trial, exhausted by a cruel and barbarous imprisonment, and the weight of heavy chains, suddenly confronted with death in a form so terrible that it almost made her reason totter, be counted against the solemn and unwavering belief of many years?

In this hour of utter abandonment, and deep, mysterious, agony, the soul of this daughter of election was conformed more closely to the likeness of its divine Master. Then she rose from it "stronger than her sorrow;" all fear and desolation of spirit had passed; the peace of God that passeth all understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away, had come upon her. Her work, that had been blessed by shame, and consecrated by humiliation, was now to be stamped with the Divine Seal of an ignominious death for justice's sake, which was to crown these long months of suffering during which

* It is, however, on assertions like these, utterly valueless as evidence, that many secularist historians ground their charge that Jeanne d'Arc retracted the morning of her death.

she had been testifying, not only to those of her own time, but to all future generations, that she had been sent by God.

The good monk, Martin Ladvenu, heard her confession. He found her soul to be what he had thought it, when from his place among her accusers, he had regarded her with compassionate eyes. His soul yearned to give her the Bread of Life, of which she had been so cruelly deprived for so many weary months, but how could this be accomplished? The ecclesiastical law, in whose name she had been condemned, forbade the Sacraments to be given to one relapsed, unless he repented. Now Jeanne not only was not repentant of what they termed her relapse, but maintained that she had never recanted. He consulted Massieu in regard to the matter, and Massieu went to Cauchon, and obtained permission from him for Brother Martin to give Jeanne "the Eucharist, and all that she would ask." In so doing, Cauchon condemned himself. For if he had been a sincere Catholic, and really believed Jeanne to be a heretic, and in communication with Satan, he could not conscientiously have permitted her to defile the Sacraments by partaking of them, in an impenitent state. It is probable, however, that Cauchon's faith was dead, and that the place, and the power of this world, were the only realities to him. This being so, he would readily accord the prisoner a consolation that would not prevent her destruction.

Brother Martin went to a neighboring church, and made his request. Whether Cauchon had

supplemented his permission with a warning, or whether terror of the English prompted the proceeding, the priest assigned to the duty, placed the host on a paten, covered it with the veil of the chalice and started to carry it to the condemned, without the lights, the public prayers, or the procession, that in those ages of Faith, always accompanied the Blessed Sacrament through the streets. At this proof of cowardice, Brother Martin, into whose timid soul some of Jeanne's spirit would seem to have passed, raised his voice in protest. So convincing was his appeal, that in a few moments, the bells were ringing, candles were lighted, and the sound of hymns rose to the great church's vaulted roof from the crowds that hastened to form in procession to escort the Blessed Eucharist to the prisoner.

It was a beautiful May morning, and the sunlight glanced down into the dark and narrow streets, bordered with tall gabled houses, that led to the great fortress, and mingled with the pale, mystical, light of the long rows of candles, in the hands of the kneeling multitude. Perhaps to Jeanne, awaiting her Lord, there may have reached the sound of prayer for a soul in agony. When the priest who entered her cell, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, of which she had been so long deprived, she wept with joy, and received it as Holy Viaticum, with such faith and devotion, that Brother Martin declares himself utterly unable to describe the scene.

After she had finished her thanksgiving, she

found Brother Pierre Morice, another friend and sympathiser, waiting to speak with her. The grief which he could not conceal disturbed for a moment Jeanne's calmness, and she said brokenly: "O Master Pierre, where do you believe that I shall be this evening?"

"My child," answered the Monk, "have you no hope in God?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "and I have confidence that he will receive me into Paradise."

She became again absorbed in prayer. From below came up the tramp of soldiers forming in detachments in the courtyard, and other sounds of preparation for the terrible tragedy, but she paid no heed. Then there was the sound of footsteps, and the rustle of silken robes, and Bishop Cauchon, attended by a group of canons, appeared in the dungeon. No doubt he hoped to take advantage of his victim's agony to extort some word that could be used against her. But the soul of Jeanne d'Arc had risen again to its own level, beyond the troubling of Cauchon or his kind. She merely said to him: "Bishop, I die because of you. If you had placed me in the prisons of the Church, I would not be here. I appeal from you to God!" For the first time, the Bishop betrayed embarrassment; he retired precipitately with his attendants.

It was nearing the hour of eight, when Jeanne left the gloomy dungeon in which she had passed five weary months, and came forth into the May morning, to die. The masculine costume, which had so excited the ire of her enemies, must have been

taken from her, for Massieu says in his deposition at her Rehabilitation, that she was clothed *in habitu mulieris*—in woman's dress. In the courtyard of the Castle, a heavy cart, drawn by four horses, was awaiting her, and she took her place in it attended by Massieu, and the two Dominicans, Martin Ladvenu, and Isambard de la Pierre. Eight hundred English soldiers guarded the way that led to the market-place. Behind their bristling spears, a kneeling, praying multitude lined the streets. As the cart passed out of the courtyard, there was a slight disturbance among the people, caused by a man endeavoring to force his way toward the condemned. It was Loyseleur, who had not hesitated to commit even sacrilege in order to satisfy his master, but whose conscience was aroused as he saw her whom he had helped to slay, going forth to her doom. With wild entreaties for pardon, in a voice that grief rendered almost inaudible, the wretched man endeavored to throw himself on his knees. But the bristling English lances barred the way to his victim; and the soldiers thrust him back with curses, to carry to the grave the weight of his remorse, unassuaged by the assurance of Jeanne's forgiveness.

As the cart lumbered through the narrow streets, Jeanne remained absorbed in prayer. So touching were the petitions to God of this noblest of his creatures, for whom earth had nothing but a scaffold, that the three priests could not restrain their tears.

At length the old market-place was reached, on one side of which, rising from amid a forest of spears,

was the lofty scaffold. On its topmost point, affixed to the post to which the condemned was to be chained, was the following inscription, in letters large enough to be legible at a great distance:

"JOHANNE, KNOWN AS THE MAID, LIAR, PERNICIOUS, ABUSER OF THE PEOPLE, DIVINER, SUPERSTITIOUS, BLASPHEMER OF GOD, PRESUMPTUOUS, DISTURBER OF THE FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST, BOASTER, IDOLATER, CRUEL, DISSOLUTE, INVOKER OF THE DEVIL, APOSTATE, SCHISMATIC, AND HERETIC."

Jeanne was unable to read, but she understood the import of the superscription. She made no comment on it, however. The sight of the scaffold seemed to have carried her back to other scenes and other days, for she murmured, "O Rouen, Rouen, is it here that I must die?"

It was not in this way indeed, that she had hoped to pass through the streets of the old Norman city, but at the head of her victorious soldiers, after she had conquered it for the King.

Besides the scaffold, there were three platforms in the square. On the largest of these, over which waved a banner displaying the united arms of France and England, in sign of the double power claimed by the invader, were the Cardinal of Winchester, several bishops, and a considerable number of the assessors. On either side of the scaffold was a smaller platform. On one of these were seated the lay judges, the other was reserved for the condemned and the preacher.

As soon as Jeanne had taken her place on this platform, with Massieu and the two faithful Domin-

icans still beside her, the preacher, Nicholas Midi, arose and began his discourse. He took his text from St. Paul to the Corinthians: If a member suffers, all the members suffer with him; and proved, that in order to preserve the other members from sickness, it was necessary to cut off the sick member. Finally, turning to the prisoner, he concluded with the terrible words: "Jeanne, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee, she abandons thee to the secular arm."

Bishop Cauchon now advanced. According to the unanimous opinion of the assessors, he should have read to the prisoner the formula of her abjuration. But he well knew that to do so, would be to draw from Jeanne a solemn denial that she had ever confessed to such infamies, and by thus exposing the first fraud which had been practiced on her, render the new injustice of which she was to be made the victim, impossible. So he confined himself to a declaration that the prisoner had never become detached from her old errors, that she had rendered herself still more guilty by pretending to repent of her faults, and had shown herself to be obstinate and incorrigible, a heretic and a relapser into error. It only remained for him, therefore, to pronounce the solemn decree which cast out the condemned from the fold of the Church, and delivered her to secular justice.

Jeanne had listened calmly and attentively to both harangues. When Cauchon pronounced the terrible sentence, she fell on her knees, and prayed aloud. Like her divine Master, in this hour of su-

preme agony, she prayed for her executioners, and for those who had abandoned her. Dreading lest the shadow of her ignominy fall upon the Kingship, which from first to last, was the sole earthly passion of her heart, she declared that "her King was a stranger to her mission." She bore public testimony to her unfaltering belief in the divine character of her revelations.

At the sound of that exquisite voice, rising through the solemn stillness, and the sight of the child-like, white-robed form, kneeling there in the May sunshine, a wave of sympathy swept over the multitude. She asked for a cross, and an English soldier hastily made one of two strips of wood, and handed it to her. She pressed it to her heart with ejaculations of love, and placed it inside her robe, upon her heart. Turning to Massieu, she asked him to hold up a cross where she could see it till the end. Massieu sent a messenger to the Church of the Holy Saviour, on the opposite side of the square, to ask for one. In a few moments, one of the priests from that church appeared with a large crucifix which he gave to Massieu. Jeanne embraced it with the utmost faith and love, "recommending herself to God." She then begged the priests who were present to say a mass for the repose of her soul.

By this time the spectators were weeping with pity. Tears coursed down the iron cheeks of Winchester, and it is said that even Cauchon wept. Massieu, who was responsible for the prisoner till the moment she was handed over to the executioner,

had exhausted every possible pretext for delay, in his reluctance to take the next terrible step required by his office. Suddenly a voice called out, "What, priest, do you want us to dine here?" Was this the last expression of brutality, or the effort to end a scene that was too much for human endurance?

Massieu conducted his prisoner to the secular judge, but the latter's emotion seems to have been so great, that he forgot to give any judgment, and merely said to the English guards: "Take the prisoner;" and to the executioner: "Do thy office." Thus Divine Providence spared the Maid the exposure which she so much dreaded, for the executioner, receiving her without any sentence, did not remove her clothing, and place upon her the gown of the condemned, as he was accustomed to do after sentence had been pronounced. Later generations sought in vain for any official record of the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc.

At the sound of the judge's sinister words, the greater number of the assessors fled from the scene, while a shudder of horror ran through the spectators. The executioner seized her, the English soldiers closed around her, and hurried her to the steps of the scaffold. Then from the midst of them, the slender, white-robed figure passed and calmly ascended her Calvary.

The smaller platform on which the victim was to stand when chained to the post, was reached by a flight of steps from the main platform. The place of punishment had been built high, no doubt, in the

merciful hope that suffocation would abridge her sufferings.

At the foot of the second flight of steps, the executioner placed on the Maid's head a hideous mitre, bearing the words: HERETIC, RELAPSED, IDOLATER, SCHISMATIC. She was chained to the post. The two monks remained on the platform, while Massieu took his station, as he had promised, at the foot of the scaffold, holding up the great crucifix before her eyes. As the Maid stood on the scaffold's lofty height and surveyed the city, she said, sadly: "Ah, Rouen! Rouen! I greatly fear lest thou suffer for my death." Her great heart, no doubt, forboded some terrible French reprisal for her death, during which the thirst for vengeance might be slaked in the blood of the kneeling, weeping, multitude that looked up at her with pitying eyes. Then she declared in a loud voice, that she was neither a heretic nor a schismatic!

The combustible material beneath the scaffold quickly ignited, and in a few moments the fierce flames rose towards the martyr. At the sight of them she was terrified and called for holy water, but soon grew calm. Isambard de la Pierre retired, but Martin Ladvenu—be his name forever honored—could not bring himself to leave her. Unmindful of his own danger, he remained on the platform, speaking to the martyr of the triumph which awaited her in the Paradise about to open to her. At length Jeanne, ever mindful of others, begged him to go. He reluctantly descended to the foot of the scaffold whence he continued to en-

courage her in a loud voice. Great black clouds of smoke now hid the martyr from sight, but through them her voice was heard in a cry of triumph: "Yes, my Voices were of God!" Did she see beyond the wild, fierce, leaping, flames and choking smoke, that heavenly company, come at last, "to take her with them?'" Then, after thanking God for all the graces He had bestowed on her, she gave a last, great, cry of *Jesus!* and her head fell forward on her breast. Her martyrdom was finished!

"God grant that my soul go to the place in which I believe the soul of this woman is at this moment!"

So spoke Master Jean Alépée, Canon of Rouen, weeping, to Jean Riquier, who stood near him. He only voiced a sentiment that had been gaining in the hearts of most of those present as the terrible tragedy proceeded. An English soldier had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile that burned the witch; he did so, at the very moment of the martyr's death. A strange terror overcame him. His comrades hastened to apply the usual remedy in cases of mental as well as physical distress, and led him to the wine shop of the Vieux Marché. But for once it was useless, and his conscience gave him no peace till he had confessed and implored pardon for what he had done.

The notary, Gillaume Manchon, was so overcome, that for more than a month, he did not regain his self-command. With the money which he had re-

ceived for his work in the Process, he bought a little Missal which he made use of to pray every day for her whose memory he venerated. Jean Trussart, secretary to the King of England, said, on returning from the scene, "We are lost, we have burned a saint." The executioner, oppressed by terrible anguish, went, the very afternoon of the martyrdom, to the Dominican convent, and asked to speak with Brothers Martin and Isambard. He bewailed with terrible grief, the part he had taken in the execution, and despaired of ever obtaining pardon from God for his sin in putting to death so holy a person. The good monks strove long and earnestly with the conscience-stricken man; and at length induced him to confess to Brother Martin. Then, perhaps in answer to one of Jeanne's first prayers in heaven, peace returned to his soul.

As for the people, they were not all English. There were many French, in whose hearts the sentiment of patriotism had been awakened by the passion of the martyr, of which their city had been the scene. Moreover, both English and French were Catholics, and the sight of the Maid's sufferings and death, aroused their sympathy by appealing to the faith they held in common with her. A murmur passed among the throng "that she was dead as a martyr for her King." Winchester, quick to read the signs of popular feeling, and anxious to prevent any public veneration of her relics, ordered that her heart, which was found intact, be flung from the height of the bridge, into the Seine, that the river might bear it to the ocean.

REHABILITATION.

"Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two; but it is sure as life; it is sure as death."

ENGLISH ambition and French treason had destroyed the Maid of France; all that remained for her enemies to do was to reap the full advantage of the iniquity. On the Thursday after her martyrdom, the Bishop assembled his colleagues for the purpose of submitting to them the examination to which Jeanne had been subjected on the morning of her death, in order that they might endorse the official statement that the Maid, before dying, had admitted her guilt, and asked pardon of her errors. On the following day the Council, in the name of Henry Sixth, addressed a circular letter to the Emperor of Germany, and the Kings, Dukes and Princes of Christendom, setting forth the following facts taken from a Proces-verbal to which the clerks had refused their sanction, thus depriving it of all value or authenticity; "that Jeanne, after being abandoned by the Church, and seeing her end approach, recognized and freely confessed that the spirits which she declared had frequently visited her, had been wicked and lying spirits, and that she had been deceived by her Voices who had promised to deliver her from prison." The same assertions were re-

peated in another letter, dated the twenty-eighth of June, and addressed to the Dukes, Counts, and the Lords of all the cities, of France. The University of Paris repeated the story in a letter which it addressed to the Pope, the Emperor, and the College of Cardinals. Then silence fell upon the Maid's memory, and she seemed to be forgotten.

But one heart remained faithful to her. Her mother never ceased her efforts to secure the vindication of her martyred child. On one of her journeys to Orleans in regard to it, she fell ill of disappointment and fatigue. As she had by this time used up all her patrimony, in the expenses incident to the great object of her life, the grateful city, ever loyal to its Maid, settled a pension on her mother during life.

For many years, Charles, though reaping what she had sown, paid no heed to the memory of Jeanne d'Arc. Then, not through any reverence for her, but for fear of his successes being attributed to a sorceress, he charged one of his counsellors, de Bouille, to establish an inquiry into the case. Cardinal d'Estouteville was sent into France about this time by Pope Nicholas V. to reconcile the Kings of France and England, and unite them in a crusade against the Turks. The sympathies of this noble-minded prelate were roused in behalf of the memory of the martyred Maid, but there was too much opposition to permit anything to be accomplished at that time.

In 1455, however, the time was more favorable,

and Pope Calixtus III. named a commissioner to inquire into the case. This was not in answer to the requests of the King, but to the supplications of Dame Isabel d'Arc. Even England could not resent the pleading of a mother for her child. The hatred of the Maid's enemies had made the task of the Maid's Rehabilitation an easy one; for they had gathered every shred of evidence that could be collected concerning her.

The commissioners chosen by the Pope were Juvenal des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims; Gillaume Chartier, Bishop of Coutances, Richard de Longeuil, and Jean Brehal, the Inquisitor-General. They convoked the demanders of the re-opening of the Cause, to appear before them in the Church of Notre-Dame at Paris, on the seventh of November, 1455, in public audience.

There Dame Isabel, now in her sixty-seventh year, but erect in figure, and bearing traces of beauty, appeared, supported by her son Pierre, and uttered her plea for justice to the memory of her martyred child. The case thus opened, was directed against Cauchon, Lemâitre, and d'Estivet, only, thus removing the fears of the other doctors of the University who had taken part in the trial and condemnation of the Maid.

Cauchon and d'Estivet, however, had, long before, gone to appear before another tribunal, and there remained only Lemâitre for the commissioners to deal with. But he was not to be found. This fact troubled the friends of the Maid but little, however; what they desired was not the punish-

ment of her murderers, but justice to be done to her memory.

The witnesses interrogated by the commissioners, differed widely in character, social position, calling, and in their dispositions towards the accused. Peasants from Domremy, the playmates and companions of her happy childish years; Captains like Dunois and d'Alençon; Louis de Contes, her page; and d'Aulon, her ecuyer; ecclesiastics like the doctors of Poitiers, and Pasquerel her faithful chaplain and director during her military career; the assessors of Rouen, both friendly and unfriendly to her, Martin Ladvenu who confessed her in prison, and de Courcelles; Isambard de la Pierre and Massieu, as well as Beaupère; Mauguerie, member of the King of England's council, and de Houppeville; so that every phase of her career, every trait of her character, every tendency of her spirit, had, so to speak, its witnesses and its censors, in the hearing of her cause. The result was her complete Vindication and Rehabilitation by Calixtus, the decree of which was solemnly pronounced at Rouen on the seventh of July, 1456.

The Maid of France was dead, but the spirit of French nationality, which she had created, was not, and the work which she had begun was carried to a successful issue. In a few years the English had lost every spot of French territory save Calais. In reading history, we "catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with retribution"; we see England, losing, in a few years, every spot of French terri-

tory save Calais, and ravaged and desolated by the Wars of the Roses, from which she emerged only to pass under the despotism of the Tudors. We see Burgundy, the treason of whose duke to his King brought about this awful crime, absorbed into French territory by Louis Eleventh, son of Charles Seventh, thus disappearing for ever as a political power. The University of Paris, too, disappears from history.

As for their holy Victim, time has only exalted her memory, and increased the devotion to her. The French people revere her not only as the liberator of France, but the savior of Christian civilization, by preserving that nation from the so-called religious "Reformation," which as a province of England, it would have been subjected to by Henry Eighth. In our own day, four hundred and sixty-three years after her martyrdom, she has been declared venerable by the Church, and though many years may go by before the next step in the Process is taken, there is a prospect of the Maid becoming the Patron Saint of France.

Unfortunately, France is not all Christian, and outside the Church, the intense enthusiasm which she has aroused has caused the Maid's life and career to become the subject of bitter controversy. The anti-Christian school insists that she was a woman of transcendent genius who devoted her great powers exclusively to her country. "Not so," exclaims the scientific school, "it is psychology alone that can explain the life and actions of this unique type in history." Thus while the anniversa-

ries of her martyrdom are held as sacred days in the French calendar, while genius has consecrated its works in marble, and music, and painting to her memory, she remains a riddle to all who will not accept the teachings of the Church. To her children, the story of the Maid is full of the harmony which marks the things of God; in their consciousness her memory is as untouched by the blasphemous explanations of her power, as is her serene, saintly figure, with grave, steadfast eyes, on the stained glass window of a great French Church, untouched by the crowd below. As strong as man, as tender as woman, misfortune could not disturb her serenity, nor victory make her proud. Thus she remains, and will remain for all time, an inspiration to the sons and daughters of men, moving them to listen to the Voices of God which are sounding within the heart of each of them the call to that Work He has chosen him to do.